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— 100 —

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

Original and Selected.

COMPILED BY

**A. CAMPBELL, W. SCOTT, B. W. STONE, AND
J. T. JOHNSON,**

ELDERS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

**With Numerous and Various Additions and
Emendations.**

ADAPTED TO

PERSONAL, FAMILY, AND CHURCH WORSHIP.

BY

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

FIFTH EDITION.

BETHANY, VA.:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY A. CAMPBELL.

1852

MAY 24, 1939

IN DISTRICT OF VIRGINIA, TO WIT:

remembered, That on the 19th day of August, Anno
i, 1851, ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, of the said District,
deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of
is in the words following, to wit:—"Psalms, Hymns,
ritual Songs, Original and Selected—Compiled by
pbell, W. Scott, B. W. Stone, and J. T. Johnson,—
of the Christian Church,—with numerous and va-
dditions and emendations: Adapted to Personal,
t, and Church Worship. By Alexander Campbell."
ght whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor, in
nity with an Act of Congress, entitled, "An Act to
the several acts respecting copy-rights."

ERASMUS STRIBLING,
Clerk of the Western District of Virginia.

OUR brethren, in collective bodies as well as in private circles, have expressed a desire for a larger compilation of Psalms, hymns, and Spiritual Songs, as well as a greater variety of subjects. To meet our wishes, and to redeem our promises, we have now modified and enlarged our hymn Book, and subjected it to a severe trial. We have spent much time and labor upon the subject, and have extracted the best Psalmody of Protestantism in our own country, with considerable care and attention. We ourselves that we have in this the cream of the most evangelical spiritual poetic compositions now and on such a variety of subjects as will meet all the wants and instances of the Christian community.

not in form.

In our former compilations prefixed as a guide to the of the sound or tune to the

This prefixing of a tune to sition has been objected to for The taste of musicians and c select tunes differs. Some pr and some another ; and in the one preceptor, the tune name of the composition is not s another which he would pre

Again, the tunes named versally known. For these reasons we have left every

ne judgment of
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so suitable as
refer.

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e objections or
one to choose
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on, and in the
given no in-
tune most ap-
things merely
community judge
ore important
re speech and
an one and

the psalms of David were sung in Scotland and in Ireland. A score of these universal favorites, and almost weekly monthly sung. But the synods occasionally enacted that they should be explained and then sung. Hence the hundred and fifty were generally sung in some churches once in two or three

But on the hypothesis that only a few of all the compositions in our books would be sung, they should contain, both in number and variety, an adequate supply for all persons, seasons, and circumstances, and on subjects of praise or prayer for another great purpose.

The hymn-book of a Christian community, next to the Bible, is most generally read, and much and often read by all true Christians. It is assumed that it does, and certainly it ought, to contain the marrow and the fatness of the gospel and the exercises of the Christian heart on all the themes of Christian faith, hope, and love. It is the best substitute in the world for what is usually called a confession of faith, an exhibit of Christian doctrine and Christian instruction.

It is, moreover, a sort of stereotyped preached gospel, and to unconverted persons it is the next thing to a sermon or an exhortation on the great themes of Christian salvation. On this account it may, without any offence against good taste and good sense, contain various compositions which may be regarded as not so apposite to be sung as to be read. But even these may be sung in obedience to an apostolic injunction.

"Teach and admonish one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with gratitude in your hearts to the Lord:" so Paul exhorted the Christians *to whom he wrote letters*. What was *precisely intended by psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs*, has often been inquired

but not often satisfactorily an-

the result of our inquiries upon this
subject is as follows :—

1. Psalms are historic compositions, or
oetic narratives.

2. Hymns are songs of praise, in which
the excellencies, glories, and gracious acts
of some persons are extolled.

3. Spiritual songs are either songs, the
matter of which was immediately sug-
gested by the Holy Spirit; or sentimental
songs, composed on the divine communi-
cations to men.

Spiritual songs embrace a wider range
of subjects than both the former; for such
songs as are of a *mixed nature*, partly
psalms and partly hymns, may be ranked
among those which are properly called
spiritual songs.

Other compositions, both in scripture
and elsewhere, have been called *psalms*,
which do not exactly correspond with the
true import of this word in its ancient
usage. The reason is obvious: The first
psalms being all, or chiefly, of one species
of poetry, other songs in the same kind
of verse were called by the same name,
because of a coincidence in poetic mea-
sure, though they were quite different in
substance and design. In one sense the

The general design of our singing
 ship is to praise God and to edify
 But sometimes we sing for the sole
 pose of praising God: on other occasions
 for the information or edification of
 In the former case we sing hymns
 the latter, psalms or spiritual songs
 best adapted to our end in view.

Such is the plain and obvious difference
 between psalms, hymns, and spiritual
 songs; which ought to be, in some
 sure, apprehended by all who feel
 obligation upon them, arising from
 command of the apostle. In singing
 of them in the presence of others
 ——— and often



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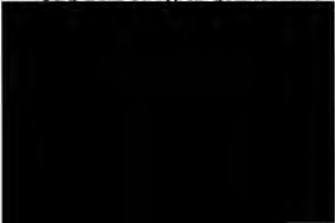
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Thy worthiness is all our song.....
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'Tis done, the great transaction's done
" 'Tis Finish'd," the Redeemer cries
'Tis God the Father we adore.....
'Tis darkness here, but Jesus smiles
'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
'Tis not the law of ten commands.
'Tis religion that can give.....
To Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
To-day, if you will hear his voice.
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While humble shepherds watch'd...

While in this sacred rite of thine...

While thee I seek, protecting power

While we the empty tomb survey...

Who can describe the joys that rise

Who has our report believed?.....

Why do we mourn departing friends

Why should we start and fear to die

Why stand you here idle, my friend

With earnest longings of the mind

With glory clad, with strength....

With Israel's God who can compare

With joy we meditate the grace..

With my substance I will honour.

With one consent let all the earth.

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PSALMS.

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O, WHAT a blessed morn
That brought the news from heav'n!
To us a child is born,
To us a son is giv'n!
The sweetest news that ever came,
We'll sing, though all the world should
blame.

The long-expected morn
Has dawn'd upon the earth;
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing his birth:
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

O 'tis a lofty theme,
Supplied by angels' tongues!
All other subjects seem
Unworthy of our songs.
*This sacred theme has boundless charms
It fills, it captivates, it warms.*

Could find a way to save the lost,
Thyself not ceasing to be just.

Give praise to God on high,
With angels round his throne ;
Give praise to God with joy ;
Give praise to God alone ;
'Tis meet his saints their songs should
And give the Saviour endless praise.

PSALM 2. P. M.

HAIL the blest morn ! when the great Me
Down from the regions of glory descend
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the man
Lo ! for your guide the bright angel attend

If we yield him, in costly devotion,
 As of Eden, and offerings divine;
 From the mountain, and pearls from the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
 Vainly we offer earth's richest oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!
Brightest and best, &c.

PSALM 3. P. M.

From the regions of love, lo! an angel descended,
 And told the strange news how the babe was at-
 tended;
 Go, shepherds, and visit the wonderful stranger;
 See yonder bright star! there's your Lord in a
 manger.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb who has bled for our
 pardon,
 We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan!*

Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation!
 Glad tidings of joy—now behold your salvation;
 Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,
 And shout hallelujahs, while heaven rejoices!

Now glory to God in the highest be giv'n,
 All glory to God is re-echoed from heav'n;
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.

PSALM 4. C. M.

WHILE humble shepherds watch'd the
In Bethlehem's fields by night, [floc
An angel sent from heaven appear'd,
And fill'd the fields with light.

"Fear not," he said, (for great alarm
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :—

"The heav'nly babe you there shall /

— 54 —
— sounds to men below,
— that never more shall cease !”

PSALM 5. C. M.

MORTALS ! awake, with angels join,
And chant the cheerful lay ;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.
In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue ;
Swift through the realm
And loud th-

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high !
Good-will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die !"

Hail, Prince of Life ! for ever hail !
Redeemer—brother—friend !
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

PSALM 6. L. M.

BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed !
Behold the great Messiah come !
Behold the Prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room !

Abrah'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw ;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.

The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design and ceas'd—
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

*Predictions in abundance join
To pour their witness on his head :
Jesus, we bow before thy throne,
And own thee as the promis'd seed*

**Al the glad sound, the Saviour's come !
The Saviour promis'd long !
At ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.**

**On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.**

**He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.**

**He comes, from thickest shades of night
To clear the inward sight,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial light.**

**He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And from the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.**

**Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.**

true Messiah now appears,
the types are all withdrawn ;
ly the shadows and the stars
efore the rising dawn.

smoking sweets, and bleeding lambs,
and kids, and bullocks slain,—
ense and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

ron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
hen God's own Son comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

e took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love ;
or us he paid his life below,
for us he gave us above.

loud proclaim'd the coming reign,
and told them to reform,
they God's favor would obtain,
And shun the gath'ring storm.

He bade all those who did repent,
Forthwith to be immers'd,
Assuring them that God had sent
The message he rehears'd.

Forsake your sins, the Baptist said,
That you may be forgiv'n;
Forsake them now, and be immers'd,
For near's the Reign of heav'n.

Thus did the man of God prepare
A people for the Lord;
To him did all the Jews repair,
Who trusted in his word.

But now the reign of God has come,
That reign of grace below,
And Jesus reigns upon God's throne,
Remission to bestow.

He bids all nations look to him,
As Prince of Life and Peace;
And offers pardon to all them
Who now accept his grace.

HIS BAPTISM.

Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews ;
A Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse :
Thus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave !

it, lo! from yonder op'ning skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Love-like the Holy Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head:
amaz'd they see the power divine
round the Saviour's temples shine.

Then does the Father loud proclaim,
 In audience of the wond'ring crowd;
 Attend, all nations; hear the name
 He spoke aloud:

al, all you nations, rise,
n the triumph in the skies,
ith the heavenly host proclaim,
hrist is born in Bethlehem.

Hail! thou heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hail! thou Sun of Righteousness,
Ris'n with healing in thy wings,
Life and light thy rising brings.

PSALM 12. 7's, 6's.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression;
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

And love and joy,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

To him shall pray'r unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever:
That name to us is—Love.

PSALM 13. 8's and

By thy all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Now we wait for thy appearing,
From the realms of bliss above;
With thy word each other cheering,
Save us, Prince of Peace and Love.

Mighty God! Eternal Father!
Now we glorify thy name;
Lord of all created nature,
Men and angels' noblest theme.

PSALM 14. C. M.

THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
The gath'ring nations come,
*Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.*

Him, and all

His name shall be the Prince of
For evermore ador'd,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power, increasing, still shall
His reign no end shall know—
Justice shall guard his throne,
And peace abound below.

PSALM 15. L. M

BEHOLD the well of life appear
Sought for by men four thou
Tell all mankind—let ev'ry
Bear round the earth the ple

PSALMS.

af too taste, and woi
oyful sound salutes th
feeble drink the healin
d vigor shoots through a.

This stream shall all our wa
Impoverish'd souls, why sho
The Spirit says, "Whoever w
May hither come and drink k

Let the glad tidings reach the
This river runs through death's c
Where'er it comes, this living
Gives life and health to every t.

You thirsty souls, no more comp
Our God has smote the rock aga.
At Calvary the stream ran down
rom the pierc'd side of God's on

hile through life's barren waste
is stream shall follow all the w
st flow'rs shall spring where'er
d deserts blossom as the rose

at though the desert's heat a
ve waters still renew our joy
while we drink this cheering
its bank we sit and sing.

PSALM 16. C. M.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

ON Tabor's top the Saviour stood
With Peter, James, and John ;
And while he talk'd of Calv'ry there
His face resplendent shone.

While on his suff'rings he convers'd,
And spoke of griefs to come,
His countenance assum'd a light
Much brighter than the sun.

In dazzling brightness all array'd
Jesus transfigur'd stands,
From heav'n descends the man who gavs
To Israel God's commands.

Elijah, too, of burning zeal,
Who did that law restore,
Appear'd with Moses on this mount
And talk'd his suff'rings o'er.

Transported with this glorious scene,
The witnesses exclaim,
'Tis good, Lord, with such guests to dwell
Here let us still remain.

Three tents with joyful hands we'll raise
And place them side by side,
For these celestials, and for thee,
And here let us abide.

e thus they spoke, a cloud descends
 d takes them from their sight ;
 Jesus yet remains with them,
 e Father's chief delight.

is my Son, his voice declares,
 ar him in all he says,
 Moses nor Elijah now
 all guide you in my ways.

joy this more illustrious guide
 nceforth we'll glad obey,
 we behold the glorious light
 an eternal day.

PSALM 17. L. M.

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

re, O Zion's daughter ! rise ;
 ke off your dust, no more repine ;
 adness sparkle in your eyes,
 all your fairest garments shine !

d, your King, expected long,
 humble pomp at length appears ;
 et yon praising infant throng
 e meek, majestic head he rears.

ry steed he rides : he sways
 his rod of earthly reign ;
 ne'er us'd till now, conveys
 your lowly Prince divine.

His path the Galleans see
With branches of triumphant pea

The blind and lame, by him reliev'd
His saving light and strength proc
His foes with shame and spite are g
To see his works and hear his far

Hosanna! thronging myriads shout
Jehovah brings salvation nigh!
Hosanna! ev'ry babe cries out,
Jehovah, send posterity!

To him who, in Jehovah's name,
Draws nigh to save, all praise!
Peace reigns in heaven, with ever
Of glory in the highest ones.

PSALM 18. C. M.

It was the night, and cold the ground
 Which the Lord was laid;
 Sweat like drops of blood ran down;
 Agony he pray'd,—

Oh, remove this bitter cup,
 Such thy sacred will;
 Let me content to drink it up,
 My pleasure I fulfil.

Oh the garden, sinner; see
 Those precious drops that flow;
 Heavy load he bore for thee;
 For thee he lies so low.

Learn of him the cross to bear;
 My Father's will obey;
 When temptations press thee near,
 Awake to watch and pray.

PSALM 19. C. M.

Did the holy and the just,
 O Sov'reign of the skies,
 Come down to wretchedness and dust
 That guilty man might rise!

Oh the Redeemer left his throne,
 A radiant throne on high;
 Giving mercy! love unknown!
 To suffer, bleed, and die.

For sinful man.

For sinful man he blea :

O Lord! what heav'nly wonders
In thy most precious blood?
By this are sinners sav'd from he
And rebels brought to God.

PSALM 20. L. M.

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's br
The star is dimm'd that lately
'Tis midnight; in the garden ne
The suff'ring Saviour prays a

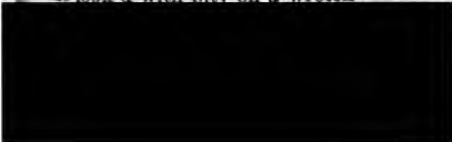
'Tis midnight; and, from all re
The Saviour wrestles lone, w
E'en that disciple whom he lov
Do not his Master's grief

PSALM 21. L. M.

BEHOLD the blind their sight receive !
Behold the dead awake and live !
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name !
Thus doth the Holy Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
He dies : the heav'ns in mourning stood ;
He rises by the power of God :
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die !
Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

PSALM 22. C. M.

As on the cross the Saviour hung,
And groan'd, and bled, and died,
He look'd with pity on a wretch



118
Thy wondrous works thy
These pains thy love proclaim :

Honors divine await thee soon,
A sceptre and a crown :
With shame thy foes shall yet behold
Thee seated on a throne.

Then, gracious Lord, remember me !
Is not forgiveness thine ?
My crimes have brought me to thy side—
Thy love brought thee to mine !

His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
To-day your parting soul shall be
With me in paradise.

... a sure foundation laid
... glory and renown,
... through the regions of the dead
pass'd to reach the crown.

... use your devotion, mortal tongues,
His praises to record ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To your victorious Lord.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise !

PSALM 24. L. M.

He dies, the friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus the dead revives again !

The rising Lord forsakes the tomb !
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise !)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !

Sing how he spoke

And led the monster Death

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous I

Born to redeem, and strong to

Then ask the monster, "Where's t

And where's thy vict'ry,
grave?"

PSALM 25. 8's, 7's,

HARK! the voice of love and

Sounds aloud from Calvary;

See! it rends the rocks asunder

Shakes the earth, and veils

It is finish'd!

Hear the dying Saviour cry

It is finish'd! O what pleas

Do these precious words a

A harps anew, you seraphs,
 Sing the pleasing theme;
 Earth and all in heaven,
 To praise Immanuel's name:
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

PSALM 26. L. M.

THE LAST SCENES.

'TWAS on that night when doom'd to know
 The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
 That night in which he was betray'd,
 The Saviour of the world took bread;

And, after thanks and glory giv'n
 To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
 That symbol of his flesh he broke,
 And thus to all his foll'wers spoke:

My broken body thus I give
 To you, my friends; take, eat, and live;
 And oft the sacred feast renew,
 That brings my wondrous love to view.

*Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
 And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
 While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
 And from his lips salvation flow'd.*

And heav'n's eternal grace re
This cup is fraught with love
Let all partake who love my r
Through latest ages let it pou
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

PSALM 27. L. 1

'Twas on that night, that dole
When powers of earth and he
Against God's Son, his chief
And he betray'd was to his fo

Before the mournful scene be
He took the bread, and bless'd
What love through all his act

return, and we sing thy name,
the marriage-supper of the Lamb!

PSALM 28. L. M.

Now let our mournful songs record
The sorrows of our dying Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken by his God.
The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laugh'd in
scorn;
He rescu'd others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save.
This is the man did once pretend
Was his Father and his friend
Of the blessed

PSALM 29. S. M.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wand'ring in a different way,
But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head.

How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

50. 7's.
RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph! through the skies
See the glorious Saviour rise.

Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

Christian, dry your flowing tears;
Wipe your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
But no more his power to save.

PSALM 67

And joy to see

Jesus, once number'd with the
Unseals his eyes to sleep no
And ever lives their cause to
For whom the pains of death

Then, though in dust we lay
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt
Our flesh for ever with the dead
Nor lose thy children in the

PSALM 32.

THE angels that watch'd round
Where low the Redeemer
When deep in mortality's grave
He hid for a season his face

...my fears;
...contemplate its shade,
...sight of his presence appears.
...the season of rest,
...life's weary journey is done!
...the blush that spreads over its west,
...The last ling'ring ray of its sun!
...though dreary the empire of night,
...I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
...I see immortality's light
...rise on the shades of the tomb.
...I welcome the last rending sighs,
...when these aching heartstrings shall
...break,
...I death shall extinguish these eyes,
...I moisten with dew the pale cheek
...for the prospect

ght the —
the Sun's eclipse is —
he sets in blood no more.

in the stone, the watch, the seal;
rist has burst the gates of hell:
eath in vain forbids his rise;
rist has open'd Paradise.

ives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save—
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise—
cross, the grave, the skies.

PSALM 34.

C. M.

On the day the first ripe sheaf
The Lord was war'd,
First-fruits of them that slept,
From the dead receiv'd.

For them for whom he died,
That, like to him, they may
When he comes, in glory great,
That ne'er shall fade away.

Is the day the Spirit came
With us on earth to stay—
Comforter, to fill our hearts
With joys that ne'er decay.

Comforts are the earnest
That same heav'n

The Jewish race
The earthly rest is gone.

To heaven's rest we'll follow Hi
(His death has pay'd the way
And there in nobler anthems si
The glad redemption day.

PSALM 35. 6's, 4'

Yes, the Redeemer rose:
The Saviour left the dead
And o'er his hellish foes
High raised his conqu'ris
In wild dismay,
The guards aroun
Fall to the ground

Back to heav'n they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air:
Their anthems say,
Jesus who bled
Has left the dead—
He rose to-day!

You mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry,
Jesus who bled
Has left the dead
No more to die!

All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'd us by thy blood;
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou reigning Son of God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And kingdoms gain
Beyond the skies.

PSALM 36. C. M.

The Saviour ris'n to-day we praise
In concert with the blest;
For now we see his work complete,
And enter into rest.

The universe was made.

He rises who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from
naught,
'Twas greater to redeem.

How vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Naught can forbid his rise:
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

Let us his righteousness disclose;
His death and rising show;
Till he return to banish woes,
And bless his saints below.

scourging and scorns,
whom sinners agreed to deride—

Now blessed for ever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain;
Now glory has crowned his head;
Heav'n sings of the Lamb that was slain.

Believing, we share in his joy;
By faith we partake in his rest;
With this we can cheerfully die,
For with him we hope to be blest.

We wait for his coming again,
To raise us to honour and fame;
His glory his saints shall obtain;
His foes shall be clothed with shame.

[~]
The joyful throng—

Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful cho
Join, all ye bright, celestial cho
To sing our ris'n Lord.

PSALM 39. 78

ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty pr
See he rises from the tomb—
Rises with immortal bloom.

'Tis the Saviour; seraphs, re
Your triumphant shouts of
Let the earth's remotest bou
the joy-inspiring sound

PSALMS.

PSALM 40. H. M.

THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

Who now accuseth them,
For whom their ransom died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
By him our vict'ry won;
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

PSALM 41. H. M.

AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band,
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
*Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise*

THE

In dark domains
Th' angelic host around him be
And he amid their shouts ascer

All hail, triumphant Lord ;
Heaven with hosannas ring
While earth, in humbler stra
Thy praise responsive sing
" Worthy art thou, who once w
Through endless years to live a

Gird on, great Prince, thy s
Ascend thy cong'ring car
While justice, truth, and lo
Maintain the glorious w
Victorious, thou thy foes sha'
And sin and hell in triumph

...vain: ...
...durst their feeble chain.
To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred honors we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

PSALM 43. L. M.

HO SANNA! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising King.
Count his deeds of might
And Jesus triumph.

PSALM 44. L. M.

Now for a song of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's only Son ;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore abo
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love !

Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay ;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the Lord, exalted reigns :

his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, you heav'nly gates!
 You everlasting doors, give way!

Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene;
 He claims those mansions as his right—
 Receive the King of glory in!

Who is the King of glory?—Who?
 The Lord, who all his foes o'ercame;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, you heav'nly gates!
 You everlasting doors, give way!

Who is the King of glory?—Who?
 The Lord, of boundless might possess'd,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 Lord over all, for ever blest!

PSALM 46. C. M.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
 To Christ the sov'reign King!
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.

While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honors sing ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

Speak forth his praise with awe profound ;
Let knowledge guide the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

PSALM 47. C. M.

LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory ;—see, he comes
With his celestial train.

Who is the King of glory?—Who?"
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
In glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM 48. L. M.

LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,
When all the rebel pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM 49. C. M.

*Beyond the glitt'ring starry sky,
Which God's right hand sustains,
There, in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer reigns.*

*Hail, Prince! they cry, for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit these blissful realms
And royalties above!*

While from the sons of men on earth
He suffer'd rude disdain,
They threw their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

Through all his travels here below
They did his steps attend;
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at length
This scene of love would end.

They heard him in the garden groan,
And saw his sweat of blood;
They saw his pierced hands and feet
Nail'd to the cursed wood.

PSALM 50. H. M.

Thou immortal throng
 Of angels round the throne !
 Join with our feeble song
 To make the Saviour known ;
 Forth you knew his wondrous grace ;
 And ev'n you view his beauteous face.

When you saw the heav'nly child
 In human flesh array'd,
 So innocent and mild,
 While in a manger laid ;
 Praise to God, and peace on earth,
 Claim'd aloud, for such a birth.

When in the wilderness
 Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
 Well known in ev'ry dress,
 In ev'ry combat foil'd :
 Joy'd to crown the Victor's head,
 And his frown when Satan fled.

And the bloody tree
 You press'd with strong desire,
 At wondrous sight to see—
 O Lord of life expire !
 And your eyes have known a tear,
 Which had dropp'd it there.

PSALMS.

Around his sacred tomb
 A willing watch you keep,
 Till the blest moment come
 To rouse him from his sleep;
 Then roll'd the stone, and all ador'd
 With joy unknown, our rising Lord.

When, all array'd in light,
 The shining Conq'ror rode,
 You hail'd his rapt'rous flight
 Up to the throne of God;
 Your golden wings you wav'd around,
 And struck your strings of sweetest sound.

The warbling notes pursue,
 And louder anthems raise,
 While mortals sing with you
 Their own Redeemer's praise.
 And you, my heart, with equal flame,
 Perform your part with joy the same.

PSALM 51. L. M.

DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the belov'd disciples met;
 And on their heads the Spirit came,
 In tongues of cloven flame

What
 The p
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late

The

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Go

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I

gits, what miracles he gave !
power to kill, the power to save,
nish'd their tongues with wondrous
words,
nstead of shields, and spears, and swords.
Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From East to West, from South to North :
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause—
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross !

These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low !

The Greeks and Jews, the learn'd and rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdued ;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

More blessing

Let ev'ry creature rise and
All grateful honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud *Amen!*

PSALM 53. C. M.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won.

The Lord has through th' astonish'd w
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.

PSALMS.

Israel's house his love and t
ave ever mindful been ;
le earth's remotest parts the
Of Israel's God have seen.

Let therefore earth's inhabitant
Their cheerful voices raise ;
And all, with universal joy,
Resound their Maker's praise

Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all the seas contain ;
The earth, and her inhabitants,
Join concert with the main.

With joy let riv'lets swell to str
To spreading torrents they ;
And echoing vales from hill to l
Redoubled shouts convey ;

To welcome down the world's gre
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.

PSALM 54. 7's.

BRIGHT and joyful was the mor
When to us a child was born ;
From the highest realms of hea
Unto us a Son was given.

C. M.

w-made song,
gs has done ;
and holy arm
s won.

th' astonish'd wor
might,
acts appear
ht.

On his shoulder he shall bear
Pow'r and majesty—and wear
On his vesture and his thigh
Names most awful—names most high.
Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ th' incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.
Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to him the homage meet;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

HYMNS.



HYMN 1. C. M.

Thou that lov'd the sons of men,
Thou wash'd us in his blood,
Thou hast honors rais'd our heads,
Thou made us priests to God :
Let ev'ry tongue be praise,
Let ev'ry heart be love ;
Thou hast honors rais'd our heads,
Thou made us priests to God :

HYMN 2. L. M.

HAIL to the Prince of Life and
Who holds the keys of death
The spacious world unseen is
The sov'reign power become

In shame and torment once
But now he lives for ever
Bow down, you saints, and
And all you angel band

Live, live for ever, glorio
To crush thy foes and
While all thy chosen t
That thy dominion

Worthy thy hand to
Guided by wisdom
Worthy to rule our
O'er worlds below

When death thy
When pow'rs
Controll'd by th
The cause th

For ever reign
Wide thro
know
And call o
Sublime

HYMNS.

HN 3. C. M.

power of Jesus' name!
kneel and fall;
royal diadem,
him Lord of all.

martyrs of our God,
altar call;
Jesse's rod,
him Lord of all.

of Israel's race,
great and small,
save you by his grace,
him Lord of all.

we ne'er forget
the gall;
kneel at his feet,
him Lord of all.

we who know his love,
in his thrall,
hosts above,
him Lord of all.

every tribe,
every
tribe,
him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall !
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 4. C. M. D.

CHRISTIANS, keep your armor bright,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
In union strong together fight ;
Hosanna to our King !

Come, laud and magnify his name,
Nor let his praises cease ;
His ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all his paths are peace.

We will not act the coward's part,
But onward all proceed ;
Our Captain shall his grace impart
In ev'ry time of need.

Great peace have they who love his cause,
And on his word rely ;
From such as keep his holy laws
The enemy will fly.

*The world and sin may grieve us sore,
And rouse our weakest fears ;
Our march is but a few days more
Through this dark vale of tears.*

assail, and Satan too,
opposing pow'rs ;
rove our valor true,
ry is ours.

CHORUS.

*ill be glorious,
owns and palms victorious,
sus reigning over us,
nur sad warfare's o'er.*

HYMN 5. L. M.

ail thee Israel's King,
thee our tribute bring ;
ear to bow to thee—
ip God who worship thee.
s King, enthron'd in light !
r never shone more bright,
(by treach'rous friends be-
d)
ulting homage paid.
lmiring angels see
arance, Lord, in thee ;
us pronounce thee good,
and earth contrasted stood.
f. contempt beneath,
by men to suffer death ;
n'd, admir'd, ador'd,
everlasting Lord.

AND CROWNS OF GLORY

HYMN 6. L. M.

KING Jesus, reign for evermore
Unrivall'd in thy courts above;
While we, with all thy saints, &
The wonders of redeeming love
No other Lord but thee we'll know
No other power but thine confess
We'll spread thine honors while
And heav'n shall hear us shout
We'll sing along the heav'nly road
That leads us to thy blest abode
Till with the vast unnumber'd
We join in heav'n's triumphal
Till with pure hands and voice
We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet

HYMNS.

From earth's remotest end
 , bending at thy feet ;
 , as their prayers and praise asce
In thee their wishes meet.

Thy name, as precious ointment she
 Delights the church around ;
Sweetly the sacred odors spread,
 And purest joys abound.

Millions of happy spirits live
 On thy exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss receiv
 And still thou givest more.

Thou art their triumph and their jo
 They find their all in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues empl
 Through all eternity.

HYMN 8. C. M.

COME, you that love the Saviour's na
 And joy to make it known,
The Sov'reign of your heart procla



You that have seen—
Can you forbear his praise:

When in the earthly courts we
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

And shall we long and wish in
Lord, teach our songs to rise
Thy love can animate our strains
And bid it reach the skies.

O happy period! glorious day
When heav'n and earth shall
With all their powers, the powers
To celebrate thy praise.

Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Fill all thine enemies obey;
Wide let thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love!

HYMN 10. P. M.

REJOICE, O Earth! the Lord is King!
To him your humble tribute bring;
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory!

O may the saints of ev'ry name
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb!
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory!

We long to see the Christians join
In union sweet and love divine,
And glory through the churches shine,
And Gentiles crowding to the sign,
To give to Jesus glory!

O may the distant lands rejoice,
And sinners hear the Bridegroom's voice,
While praise their happy tongues employs,
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory!

HYMNS.

few more days of pain and wo,
few more suffering scenes below,
and then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And give to Jesus glory!

Then we shall part and weep no more,
When we have met on Canaan's shore,
For Zion's warfare now is o'er;
Such shouts were never heard before
And there we'll give him glory!

Then tears shall all be wip'd away,
And Christians never go astray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay,
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory!

HYMN 11. H. M.

REJOICE—the Lord is King!
The Prince of Life adore;
O Zion! shout and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
With gladness great do you rejoice
Jesus the Saviour reigns
His character is love
And purg'd

He cannot fail ;
O'er earth and heav'n ;
Of death and hell
Our Saviour giv'n :
Heart, lift up your voice,
O great do you rejoice.

God's right hand,
His foes submit,
To his command,
Beneath his feet :
Heart, lift up your voice,
O great do you rejoice.

Foes shall quell,
With itself destroy,
People fill
With celestial joy :
Heart, lift up your voice
O great do you rejoice.

Glorious hope ;
The Judge shall come,
His servants up
To eternal home :
I hear th' archangel's voice ;
The God shall sound, *Rejoice !*

When
The sweet
And witness'd sa.

The wonderful name of our
And publish the fame of our Captain
With sweet exultation his goodness we pr
His name is salvation—his nature is Love.

We now are enlisted in Jesus' bless'd cause,
Divinely assisted to conquer our foes;
His grace will support us till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us to Zion's bright shore.

And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions that shor
the skies,
We'll tell the glad story of Jesus'
And give him the glory, and

In this blest employment,
In sweetest enjoyment
We'll drink of the strea
And bask in the beam

e!

F

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5.



The church is glorious :
And Jesus takes he

In all the heav'ns there'
Nor in the realms of bli
But pleasures yet u
From heav'n to heav'n w
O what a blest abode is
For ever round the

The joys of heav'n will
All glory to the sinner's
Roll on, you happy
You winged seraphs, hel
The Author of eternal jo
Our Jesus ever reign

HYMN 14.

SHOUT for the blessed Tr

bows his laws obey,
 note their off'rings bring,
 ain'd their homage pay
 altd God and King.

ly church increase,
 id spirit still prevail;
 celebrate his praise,
 his growing glories hail!

shs to the Lamb,
 low and all above;
 exalt his name,
 lasting as his love.

MN 15. 7².

r sinners slain,
 l was rais'd again!
 is now sat down
 er on his throne.

ns, a King supreme;
 reign with him;
 be not dismay'd;
 lmighty aid.

an end of sin;
 has wash'd us clean;
 ever near;
 he's with us here

Thus assembling, we, by faith,
Till he come, show forth his death
Of his flesh this loaf's the sign,
And we view his blood in wine.

Saints on earth, with saints above,
Celebrate his dying love:
And let every ransom'd soul
Sound his praise from pole to pole.

HYMN 16. 11's.

COME, children of Zion and help us to
Loud anthems of praises to Jesus our King
Whose life once was given our souls to
And bring us to heaven to dwell there with

Not angels in glory, nor seraphs above
Can fathom the ocean of infinite love:
Their wisdom can't reach it; they can
why

The Sov'reign of angels for sinners share

In regions of darkness, death, sorrow
pains,

We all lay in ruin, in prison and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious
The ransom provided to bring us to God

*O, why should we linger in regions below
When rivers of pleasure in Paradise flow
So sweetly they glide through the region*

the cross ;
Ye fav'rites of heaven, dear lambs of the fold,
Though demons surround you, be faithful and
bold.
Consider the dangers that lie in your way,
What snares and temptations in this evil day ;
All this you must suffer, and patient endure
Till Jesus shall take us where suff'rings are o'er-
Then with him in glory we ever shall reign,
Deliver'd from sorrow, temptation, and pain,
To join with the angels, and spirits divine,
In Jesus' own image eternally shine.

HYMN 17. S. M.

**The Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear,
Let sinners tremble**

...and again, and judg
In all the works of grac

HYMN 18. C

FIRM as the earth thy gospe
My love, my hope, my tru
If I am found in Jesus' han
My soul can ne'er be los
His honor is engag'd to sa
The meanest of his sheep
All that his heav'nly Father
His hands securely keep.
Nor death, nor hell, shall e'e
His fav'rites from his bre
In the dear bosom of his k
They must for ever rest.

C. M.

**JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.**

**What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy saving grace.**

**JESUS, our Priest, for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
JESUS, our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.**

**God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and**

NS.

re thee,—
—thee, our God;
beams of glory
the world abroad.

our hailing,
raise we own;
er failing,
l thy throne.

pow'r confessing,
trains adore;
r ceasing,
for evermore.

8's, 7's and 4's.

ne sight is glorious;—
orrows now;
rn'd victorious,
m shall bow:
crown him;
he Victor's brow.

, angels, crown him;
s Jesus brings;
'r enthrone him,
nly concave rings:
crown him:

in derision crown'd him,
king thus the Saviour's claim :
and angels crowd around him,
own his title, praise his name :
Crown him, crown him ;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
Hark ! those loud, triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station ;
O, what joy the sight affords !
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

HYMN 23. C. M.

HAIL, mighty Jesus ! how divine
Is thy victorious sword !
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

How deep the wounds thine arrows give !
They pierce the hardest heart ;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh ;
Ride with majestic sway ;
Thou great Prince, triumphantly,

And, when thy
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
To sing thy conq'ring grace,—
O, may my humble soul be found
Among that glorious throng:
And I with them thy praise will sound.
In heav'n's immortal song.

HYMN 24. 7's and 6's.

GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe his head;
Jesus is the name we sing—
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus, Victor of the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.
 him high enthron'd,

our noblest lays;
—up to chant Saviour's merits,
—up to chant Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 28. C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us!

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine:
And blessings more +
Be, Lord

At his almighty Father's si
Honor immortal must be paid
Instead of scandal and of s
While glory shines around his
He wears a crown without
Blessings for ever on the Lam
Who bore the curse for wret
Let angels sound his sacred na
And ev'ry creature say, "A

HYMN 27. 8's, and
Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory
There for ever to abide ;
All the heav'nly host adore the

... the cross; ... heaven — don't shrink from
... favorites of heaven, dear lambs of the fold,
... though demons surround you, be faithful and
bold.

Consider the dangers that lie in your way,
What shares and temptations in this evil day;
All this you must suffer, and patient endure
Till Jesus shall take us where sufferings are o'er.
Then with him in glory we ever shall reign,
Beliver'd from sorrow, temptation, and pain,
To join with the angels, and spirits divine,
In Jesus' own image eternally shine.

HYMN 17. S. M.

Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear—
sinners tremble
and ...

HYMN 29. C. M.

HOSANNA to our conq'ring King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
Through all the world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN 30. 8's, and 7's.

Ten thousand harps and voices
Praise above:

—AY 40. C. M.

Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy saving-grace.

Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

I shall exalt his glorious head
On his high throne
I strike the



BEHOLD the glories of the L
Amidst his Father's thron
Prepare new honors for his
And songs before unknow

Let elders worship at his fee
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors swe
And harps of sweeter sou

Now to the Lamb that once
Be endless blessings paid
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head !

Thou hast redeem'd our soul
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and pris
And we shall reign with t

— thy reign!

Gird thy sword on, Mighty Hero,
Make thy word of truth thy car,
Prosper in thy course triumphant,
All success attend thy war!
Gracious Victor,
Let mankind before thee bow!

Bless'd are all that touch thy sceptre,
Bless'd are all that own thy reign!
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from his galling chain!
Saints and angels,
All who know thee bless thy name!

HYMN 12. 11's.

O Jesus, the giver of all we enjoy!
Our lives to thy honor we wish to employ
With praises unceasing we'll sing of thy
Thy goodness increasing, thy love we'll praise

With joy we remember the dawn of thy
When cold as December in darkness
The sweet invitation we heard with
And witness'd salvation to flow from

The wonderful name of our Jesus
And publish the fame of our Capt
With sweet exultation his goodness
His name is salvation—his nature

We now are enlisted in Jesus'
Divinely assisted to conquer
His grace will support us till
He then will escort us to Zion

And when to the regions of
And join the bright legions
the skies,
We'll tell the glad story
And give him the glory,

employment

HYMN 13. P. M.

To him who did salvation bring,
Wake ev'ry tuneful power, and sing
A song of sweetest praise :
His grace diffuses, as the rains
Crown nature's flow'ry hills and plains
And spread a thousand ways.

Salvation is the noblest song,
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue,
And all repeat, Amen !
The Lord will come from heav'n to earth
To give his people second birth,
And make them one again.
We feel redemption drawing near ;
Soon in glory shall appear.
And be for ever blest
To promise new

Nor is less kind above.

O may we ne'er forget his gi
Ner blush to wear his nan
Still may our hearts hold fas
Our mouths his praise pro

HYMN 37. C.

SALVATION! O, the joyful so
'Tis pleasure to our ears
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry w
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay
But we arise, by grace divin

the glory, the wonder, and love
 Of angels and glorified spirits above,
 And saints who behold thee not, yet dearly love,
 Rejoicing in hope of thy glory!
 Thou only and wholly art lovely and fair,
 Who robb'st not the Father with him to compare;
 The Father's own image glows in thee—shines
 In visible bodily glory. [there
 Worthiness dwells in thee; excellent dignity,
 Beauty and majesty; glory environs thee:
 Power, honor, dominion, and life rest on thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands!

Wherever we view thee, new glories arise:
 The man that's God's fellow, who rides on the
 skies: [our eyes,
 Made flesh, dwelt among us, brought God near
 In grace and truth show'd all his glory.
 Thou spak'st to existence the heav'ns and their
 hosts,
 The earth and its fulness

—sparing in blood for our life ; an
Exult in thy merit and glory !
Worthiness dwells in thee ; exc
Beauty and majesty ; glory e
Power, honor, dominion, and life
O thou chiefest among the ten t

Thy birth all divine, from the grav
Brought thee, King of glory ! O L
slain !

First-born from the dead, crown'
supreme,

Thy throne is establish'd in glor
There reign in thy glory, whom all
Till under thy feet thy foes crush'd,
Thy pleasure shall speedily all thi
And eternity blaze with thy glor
Worthiness dwells in thee ; excel
Beauty and majesty ; glory en
Power, honor, dominion, and life re
O thou chiefest among the ten t

... blood,
... carry on his love
By pleading with our God.
We honor our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.

HYMN 40. S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain.
But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Bears all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
Believing, we rejoice

Part of thy name most glorious stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labors of thy hands,
The impress of thy feet.

But when we view thy grand design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms—

Our thoughts are lost in rev'rent awe,
We love and we adore;
The brightest angel never saw
So much of God before.

Here thy great name appears complete
And thought can never trace

Israel's God who can compare?
who, like Israel, happy are?
people saved by the Lord,
He is our shield and great reward!

Upheld by everlasting arms,
We are secure from foes and harms;
In vain their plots, and false their boasts—
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts!

HYMN 43. L. M.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;

His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

He shows his Father's love,
To raise our souls on high;
He came with pardons from above
For rebels doom'd to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

Lord, we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,

wondrous acts are sung,
reckon'd there;
thou mak'st the infant tongue
andless praise declare.

thee the weak confound the
strong,
crush their haughty foes;
so thou quell'st the wicked throng
that thee and thine oppose.

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondrous sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light—

What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordain'd with dignity and state
O'er all thy works to reign.

They jointly own his pow'rful sway—
The beasts that prey or graze,
The bird that wings its airy way,
The fish that cuts the seas.

O Thou to whom all creatures bow
Upon this earthly frame!

Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

HYMN 46. L. M.

No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God ;
My trust is in thy mighty pow'r ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad
At home my safeguard and my tow'r

To thee I will address my pray'r,
To whom all praise we justly owe
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe

HYMN 47. L. M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages pass'd
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless !
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise !

*Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray
Who know what's right ; nor only
But always practise what they know*

To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

past
t.
ss,

With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
O let thy saints thy favor gain,
And upright hearts thy truths display!

HYMN 49. L. M.

tray;
ss;
r.

With glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

Which shall no change nor period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

HYMN 50. L. M.

PRAISE you the Lord! Our God to praise,
My soul her utmost power shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

His works for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;

For ever bless his name ;
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

On kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely ;
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help apply.

Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn
And there neglected lie ;
And all their thoughts and vain designs
Together with them die.

Then happy he who Jacob's God
For his protector takes ;
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

Its influence o'er us,
And spreads sweet comfort to

Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow;
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd, with wond'rous
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

O the rich depths of love divine
Of bliss a boundless store!
Blest Saviour, let me call thee
I cannot wish for more.

On thee, alone, my hope relies
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice
My Saviour and my all.

le!

mine;

cedars; beasts and all cattle; creeping th
and flying fowl; kings of the earth, an
judges of the earth; both young men
maids; old men and children. Let them p
the name of the Lord; for his name alo
excellent; his glory is above the earth
heaven.

[*David, the sweet Psalmist of Israel*

SONG 1. C. M.

THE Book of Nature open lies,
With much instruction stor'd;
And when the Lord anoints our eye
Its pages light afford.

9

(129)

Philosophers have pos'd the query,
And guess'd from age to age;
For reason's eye could ne'er attain
To understand a page.

Though to each star they give a name
Its size and motions teach,
The truths which all the stars proclaim
Their wisdom cannot reach.

With skill to measure earth and sea,
And weigh the subtile air,
They cannot, Lord, discover thee,
Though present ev'rywhere.

The knowledge of thy saints expands
The wisdom of the schools;
To them his secrets God reveals,
Though man account them fools.

SONG 2. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

SONG 3. H. M.

You boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame:
You cherubim, your voices raise;
And, seraphim, shout loud his praise.
Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
You glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
You heavens above, his praise declare,
And clouds that move in liquid air.
Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came:
They all from nothing came:
From changes free, you all shall last:
He stands ever fast.

All of royal birth,
 With those of humbler name,
 And judges of the earth,
 His matchless praise proclaim :
 Let youths with maids, in this design,
And hoary heads with children join.

 United zeal be shown,
 His wondrous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise :
His power obey, earth's utmost ends ;
His glorious sway the sky transcends.

 His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high,
 And favors Israel's race,
 Who still to him are nigh :
Your grateful voice, O therefore raise,
And still rejoice the Lord to praise.

Where SKIN GRASS ...
For God is ev'rywhere.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love
And pow'r with goodness blends.

SONG 5. C. M.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise;
Thee all thy creatures sing; [see
While with thy name, rocks, hills, a
And heaven's high palace, ring.

Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky
How glorious to behold!
The world with a blue of heav'nly dye,

OGH endless years thou art the same,
 thou eternal God ;
 Oh future age shall know thy name,
 And tell thy works abroad.

The strong foundations of the earth
 Of old by thee were laid ;
 By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
 With matchless skill was made.

Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
 Created by thy hand,
 Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
 And chang'd at thy command.

But thy perfections, all divine,
 Eternal as thy days,
 Through everlasting ages shine,
 With undiminish'd rays.

SONG 7. C. M.

*'Twas God who fix'd the rolling spheres,
 And stretch'd the boundless skies,
 Who form'd the plan of endless years,
 And bade the ages rise.*

From everlasting
Immense and unconfin'd;
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.
He speaks, — all nature's wheels stand
still,
And leave their wonted round;
The mountains melt; each trembling
Forsakes its ancient bound.
Ye worlds, and ev'ry living thing,
Fulfil his high command;
Pay grateful homage to your King
And own his ruling hand.

SONG 8. L. M.

AWAKE, my tongue; thy tribute
Who gave thee power to
All praise ab

RITUAL I

emption, O, v
ers, O, what th
isdom shines fo
him, my soul, w

SONG 9.

He reigns: he dw
l with majesty a
rld, created by h
its firm foundat

l this spacious w
its first foundat
one eternal ages
f the ever-living

r shall his thron
mise stands for
erlasting holines
s the dwelling c



Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest
In ev'ry golden ray ;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen ;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given ;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heav'n

SONG 12. C. M.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun !
It gives a light to ev'ry age—
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
And makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
All glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

How precious is the Book Divine,
By inspiration giv'n !
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

It sweetly cheers our drooping heart
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

This lamp, through all the tedious :
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

SONG 14. O. M.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Here the fair tree of knowledge
And yields a rich repast:
Sublimers sweets than nature k
Invite the longing taste.

Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive suppl
And sweet refreshment find.

Here the Redeemer's welcome
Spreads heav'nly peace arou
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may those heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I s
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor! gracious Lo
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred wo
And view my Saviour there!

SONG 15. L. M.

When Israel through the deser
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dr
And lessen the fatigues the

Such is thy grace—
'Tis for our light and grace—
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'

It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens our inactive pow'rs;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right;
Displays thy love, and kindles ours

Its promises rejoice our hearts:
Its doctrine is divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

SONG 16. C. M.

LET avarice from shore to shore
—idol wealth pursue;

Wishes of heav'nly love
And wishes meet.

'rour griefs are here redress'd,
If our wants supplied;
We can ask to make us blest
His book denied.

Inestimable gains,
Enrich the mind,
Search with eager pains,
That we shall find.

LONG 17. C. M.

ve thy holy law!
My delight:

When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

Providence.

SONG 18. C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He measures up his bright designs,
And secures his gracious will.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

And unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

SONG 19. C. M.

God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Through this weary pilgrimage
Thou art all our fathers led—

Now, our pray'rs we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
Our fathers, be the God
Of our succeeding race.

In each succeeding path of life,
Thy wand'ring footsteps guide;
Each day our daily bread,
Thy bounty fit provide.

Thy cov'ring wings around,
Our wand'rings cease,
Thy Father's lov'd abode
We'll arrive in peace.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1 blessings from thy gracious ha
ir humble pray'rs implore ;
thou shalt be our chosen God
nd portion evermore.

SONG 20. C. M.

ar though no flow'rs the fig-tree cl
ough vines their fruit deny,
labor of the olive fail,
nd fields no food supply—

ugh from the fold, with sad surp
y flock cut off I see ;
ugh famine pine in empty stalls,
here herds were wont to be—

in the Lord will I be glad,
nd glory in his love ;
im I'll joy, who will the God

**Are like an ev'ning gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.**

**The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward with the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.**

**Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.**

**O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home !**

SONG 22. P. M.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, *The Lord will provide.*
The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, *The Lord will provide.*
We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, *The Lord will provide.*
His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a good
guide,
And trust, in all dangers, *The Lord will provide.*
No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim;
But since we have known the Saviour's
name
In this our strong tower for safety we hi
The Lord is our power—*The Lord will p*
When life sinks apace, and death is in
The word of his grace shall comfort us
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ o
We hope to die shouting, *The Lord v*

SONG 23. C. M.
to blest.

SPIRITUAL SONG

ign realms, and lands
orted by thy care,
h burning climes they
breathe in tainted air

by the dreadful tempe
on the broken wave
now thou art not slow
impotent to save.

rm is laid, the winds
ient to thy will;
that roars at thy com
by command is still.

st of dangers, fears, &
goodness we'll adore
raise thee for thy me
humbly hope for me

SONG 24. S.



Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

SONG 25. L. M.

FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustain'd

To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd ;
Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

To thee may each united house
Morning and night present its vows ;

part I know thy will;
 thee for the sight;
 and thy love the rest reveal
 thy's clearer light?

rapture shall I then survey
 thy providence and grace;
 I spend an everlasting day
 in wonder, love, and praise.

SONG 27. C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whence those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

SONG 28. L. M.

" — God who rules the world's affairs,

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
vouchsaf'd before:
y it lead, protect, supply,
I that hand adore.

thy providence impart,
which, resign'd, I pray;
e to feel the grateful heart,
thus thy love repay.

ion should thy love intend,
vice or folly's cure,
nt to gain that glorious end,
y I the means endure!

this and ev'ry future day
ill wiser than the past,
l when I all my life survey,
lay grace sustain at last.

SONG 30. O. M.

as icy chains that bound the earth
Are now dissolv'd and gone;
Fak'd by the sun, the blooming spring
Puts its new liv'ry on.

awning with life, th' advancing sun
Retracts the falling day;
and light of heav'n! he seems to v

In clouds of gold behind him set,
Beyond the west he flies;
Short is his mighty course, and soon
He gilds the eastern skies.

My soul, in ev'ry scene admire
The wisdom and the pow'r;
Behold thy God in ev'ry plant,
In ev'ry op'ning flow'r.

Yet in his word, the word of grace,
He wrote his fairer name;
The wonders of redeeming love
My noblest song shall claim.

With warmest beams, thou God of glory
Shine on this heart of mine;
Turn thou my winter into spring,
Thy glory shine!

SONG 32. L. M.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee, Sov'reign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole !
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flow'ry spring at thy command
Perfumes the air and paints the land ;
*The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.*

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

and, in autumn, richly pours,
gh all our coasts, redundant stores;
winters, soften'd by thy care,
ore the face of horror wear.
ons, and months, and weeks, and days,
and successive songs of praise;
be the grateful homage paid,
h morning light and ev'ning shade.
re in thy house let incense rise,
d days of gladness bless our eyes,
il to those lofty heights we soar,
here days and years revolve no more.

SONG 33. C. M.

my soul, the narrow bound

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SPIRITUAL SONGS.

SONG 35. L. M.

thy presence, everlasting God,
side o'er all nature spreads abroad ;
thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
in ev'ry place thy children keep.

While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet ;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our thankful vows :
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Meet around thy throne.

**Are thy compassions, Lord !
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
Each night thy truth record.**

**Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.**

**Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes ;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.**

**But pleasures more refin'd
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind
And chas'd our sins away.**

**How new thy mercies, then !
How *sov'reign*, and how free !
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
*Were made alive to thee.***

SONG 38. L. M.

GLORY to God who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love;
Come, saints and angels, if you can,
Declare the love of God to man.

O! what can more his love commend
Than his beloved Son to send,
That man condemn'd to die might live,
And God be glorious to forgive!

Messiah's come—with joy behold
The days by Prophets long foretold:
Judah thy royal sceptre's broke,
And times confirm what Jacob spoke.

Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,
The time prophetic seals requir'd;
He's coming, but not his own
To set the stone.

When thou dost clothe thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile,
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolves to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God ;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

SONG 40. L. M.

JEHOVAH reigns ; his throne is high ;
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

His terrors keep the world in awe ;
His justice guards his holy law ;
His love reveals a smiling face ;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
Then let my songs with angels' join ;
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

SONG 41. C. M.

THY kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay ;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives
To the exhausted store ;
Thy goodness lives

SONG 42. S. M.

As the fountain whence
A thousand blessings flow;
Thou givest me my life, my health, and friends,
And every good, I owe.

The comforts he affords
Are neither few nor small;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise;
And to his glory I'll devote
The remnant of my days.

SONG 43. C. M.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

Good when *he gives*,—supremely good,—
Nor less when *he denies*;
E'en crosses, from his sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

Why should we doubt a Father's love
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resign'd.

SONG 44. C. M.

A FRIEND there is—your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name—
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.
When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.
When frowns appear to veil his face,

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

SONG 45. C. M.

o Lord, enthron'd in light,
se claims are all divine,
as an undisputed right
govern me and mine.

o Lord who gives me all
wealth, my friends, my ease
f his bounties may recall
tever part he please.

o Lord, my faithful God,—
oe blessed be his name,—
gracious promise, seal'd
blood,
ever be the same.

n my soul, with hopes like
aithless, or repine?

ITAL SONGS.

and 'tis good for me
Father's rod ;
de me learn thy law,
upon my God.

word been my delight
rthly joys were fled,
ppress'd with sorrow's weight,
ak among the dead.

knew thy chast'ning rod,
t were apt to stray ;
I learn to keep thy word,
wander from thy way.

SONG 47. C. M.

imes of sorrow and of joy,
eat God, are in thy hand ;
choicest comforts come from thee,
and go at thy command.

thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
efore they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

Nor would I drop a murm'ring word
Though all the world were gone,
ut seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

SONG 48. S. M.

How tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord !
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.
How gentle was the rod
That chasten'd us for sin !
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been !
A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew ;
Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.
Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide ;
For ever be his name ador'd,
For there is none beside.

SONG 49. C. M.

How happy they who know the Lord,—
With whom he deigns to dwell !
He cheers and guides them by his word ;
His arm supports them well.
His presence sweetens all their cares,
And *makes their burdens light* ;
A word from him dispels their fears,
And *gilds the gloom of night*.

SONG 50. C. M.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

One blessing, Lord, my heart desires ;
O, grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still ;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

SONG 51. C. M.

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look ;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

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Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

SONG 53. C. M.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains
And long to fly away :

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upwards to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
; Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home :

Sweet in his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
*Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.*

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay;
Till, from her sin-worn cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.

SONG 55. C. M.

In ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God,
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

SONG 55. 11's.

*How firm a foundation, you saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?*

Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

**The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes ;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake !**

SONG 56. L. M.

*FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.*

**There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.**

**There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.**

**Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd;
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring souls no Mercy Seat?**

**There! there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our soul to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat!**

**O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy Seat.**

SONG 57. C. M.

**TEACH us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.**

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In ev'ry changing scene of life,
 Whate'er that scene may be,
 Give us a meek and humble mind,
 A mind at peace with thee.

Do thou direct our steps aright;
 Help us thy name to fear;
 And give us grace to watch and pray,
 And strength to persevere.

Then may we close our eyes in death,
 Without a fear or care;
 For death is life, and labor rest,
 If thou art with us there.

SONG 58. C. M.

FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
 Although to me unknown;
 O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
 And cry, "Thy will be done."

If thou shouldst hedge with thorn
 path,

Should wealth and friends be gone,
 Still, with a firm and lively faith,
 I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

Although thy steps I cannot trace
 Thy sov'reign right I'll own;
 And, as instructed by thy grace
 I'll cry, "Thy will be done!"

SONG 59. C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

Give me a kind and thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

SONG 60. C. M.

LORD, what a wretched land is this
That yields us no supply—
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy!

Our journey is a thorny maze;
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And press to Zion's hill.

There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.

Eternal glory to the King
Whose hand conducts us through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

SONG 61. L. M.

My spirit looks to God alone ;
My rock and refuge is his throne ;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.

Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways ;
Pour out your hearts before his face ;
When helpers fail and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

Public Worship.

SONG 62. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray
He brought us to his fold again.

crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
As the heav'ns our voices raise ;
The earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding
praise.

Vide as the world is thy command !
Vast as eternity thy love !
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move !

SONG 63. L. M.

With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise :

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O! enter, then, his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

SONG 64. C. M.

To CHRIST, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
Its noblest tribute bring ;
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing ?

Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell ;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow ;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men ;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heav'nly train.

*He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to my relief ;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.*

C. M.

invade
clay,
pains

tend

place

name

ld

the sweetness of
What must the fountain
Where saints and angels
Immediately from Thee
O may the unction of these
For ever with me stay;
Till, from her sin-worn cage
My spirit flies away.

SONG 55. C. M.

In ev'ry trouble sharp and str
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.
His comforts bear my spirits up
I trust a faithful God
The sure foun

) **SPIRITUAL SONGS.**

y the gospel's joyful sound
 conquer sinners—comfort saints;
 ke the fruits of grace abound,
 bring relief to all complaints:
 as let all our worship prove,
 we join thy courts above.

ry be to God on high—
 God, whose glory fills the sky;
 ry to the Lamb be giv'n—
 glory in the highest heav'n:
 adom, riches, praise, and pow'r,
 to God for evermore.

SONG 66. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 Ve, thy people, now draw near;
 ach us to rejoice with trembling;
 hat we this day may hear—

Hear with meekness—
 fear thy word with godly fear

ile our days on earth are lengthen'd,
 lay we give them, Lord, to thee!
 er'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
 e would run, nor weary be,

Till thy glory
hout clouds, in heav'n we see.

SONG 67. S. M.

WORY, and faint, and poor
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we would starve indeed ;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give ;
O ! hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live !

SONG 68. S. M.

How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad !

Where Jesus holds his court.

Here, on the Mercy Seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

To him their pray'rs and cries
Each humble soul presents ;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

Give me, O Lord, a place,
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

rist be one,
ords of love,
y glorious throne,
set above :

row from each heart
ver fly,
ght that we shall part
our joy.

70. S. M.

m, Lord,
ine abode,
lest Redeemer sav'd
recious blood.

st joy
r'nly ways,
union, solemn vows,
love and praise.

l divine,
d our King,
r'ry snare and foe
v'rance bring.

shall last,
e giv'n
ies earth can yield,
ies of heav'n.

SONG 71. C. M.

THOU art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and
The children of thy grace. [taught,

May all our friends, thy servants here,
Meet with us all above,
And we and they in heav'n appear,
The children of thy love.

SONG 72. L. M.

HAPPY the saints whose lot is cast,
Where oft is heard the gospel sound;
The word is pleasing to their taste,
A healing balm for ev'ry wound.

With joy they hasten to the place,
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

This favor'd lot, my friends, is ours;
May we the privilege improve,
And find these consecrated hours
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

SONG 73. L. M.

Christian brethren, ere we part,
 Ev'ry voice and ev'ry heart;
 A solemn hymn to God we raise,
 A joyful song of grateful praise.

And, we here may meet no more;
 There is yet a happier shore;
 Where, releas'd from toil and pain,
 Brethren, we shall meet again.

SONG 74. L. M.

Now we part in thy blest name,
 Where we here together came;
 'Till our few remaining days,
 We'll thy will and spread thy praise.

Us, in life and death, to bless
 Lord, our strength and righteousness;
 Grant us all to meet above, [ness;
 We shall better sing thy love!

SONG 75. S. M.

Honor'd is the place,
 Where we adoring stand,
 The glory of the earth,
 The beauty of the land.

Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell;
While walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of your King.

Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.

Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears,
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

SONG 76. S. M.

Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.



And thy people shall adore ;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Than they could conceive before ;
 Full enjoyment—
 Holy bliss for evermore.

SONG 67. S. M.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor
 Behold us, Lord, again
 Assembled at thy mercy's door,
 Thy bounty to obtain.
 Thy word invites us nigh,
 Or we would starve indeed ;
 For we no money have to buy.
 Nor righteousness to
 The food

hen let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry;
 We're marching o'er this hallow'd ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

SONG 77. C. M.

Ye that obey th'immortal King,
 Attend his holy place;
 Bow to the glories of his name,
 And sing his wondrous grace.

Lift up your hands by morning light,
 And raise your thanks on high;
 Send your admiring thoughts by night
 Above the starry sky.

The God of Zion cheer your hearts
 With rays of quick'ning grace:
 'Tis he that spreads the heav'ns abroad
 Whose presence fills the place.

SONG 78. C. M.

*Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my pray'r,
 To thee lift up mine eye:*

— we, around thy cords of love,
Shall joyous meet above :
Where sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then for ever fly,
And not one thought that we shall part
Once intercept our joy.

SONG 70. S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly —
Her sweet com —

And bound me with thy love.

Here, in thy courts, I leave my
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me
If I forsake the Lord.

SONG 80. H. M.

To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside
Where God resorts,
I love it more
Than leave the door

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,—
From pure and upright souls :
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

SONG 81. C. M.

On the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
And our heav'nly hopes upon,
His eternal praise !

Of God, to sinners dear,
Saints adore the name ;
At their whole salvation here,
All they suffer shame.

In builders, scribe, and priest,
Not with disdain ;
On rock the church shall rest,
Nor rage in vain.

When the gates of hell withstood,
This building rise :
Work, Almighty God,
Thine in our eyes.

SONG 82. S. M.

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse ;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

The scribe, and angry priest,
Reject God's only Son,
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine ;
This day did Jesus rise.

This is the glorious day,
When our Redeemer made ;

83. C. M.

rs of the Lord,
fire, and smoke,
ler of that word
i Sinai spoke;

e to Zion hill,
ir God,
ords declare his will,
is love abroad.

nerable host
h'd in light!
ts of the just,
turn'd to sight.

assembly there,
re writ in heav'n!
lge of all, declares
is forgiv'n!

hose in Jesus dead
union make;
, their living head,
ice partake.

is this
would rest:
lls where Jesus is
ar bless'd.

SONG 84. C. M.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heav'n on earth begun.

The church triumphant in thy low
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns abo
And we in hymns below.

Thee in thy glorious realm they p
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;

the Indian, let the Negro,
 t the rude Barbarian see,
 divine and glorious conquest
 ce obtain'd on Calvary:

Let the gospel
 ud resound from pole to pole.

doms wide that sit in darkness,
 ant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 from eastern coast to western,
 y the morning chase the night!

And redemption,
 eely purchas'd, win the day.

abroad, thou mighty gospel!
 in and conquer! never cease!
 thy lasting wide dominion
 ultipl'y and still increase!

Sway thy sceptre,
 viour, all the world around!

SONG 86. 8's and 7's.

ious things of thee are spoken,
 on, city of our God!
 whose word cannot be broken,
 rm'd thee for his own abode:
 he Rock of Ages founded,
 hat can shake thy sure repose?
 salvation's wall surrounded,
 a mayst smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,
Springing from Eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove :
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage !
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near :
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they p

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to (
'Tis his love his people raises
With himself to reign as kings ;
And, as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

Saviour, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name ;

and saints abide
er joy
and days beside :
od resorts,
it more
p the door
ne in courts.

n and shield,
ad our defence ;
hands are fill'd ;
r blessings thence :
estow
's race
race,
2.

which God in Zion
To build our heav'nly
And his eternal pr

Chosen of God, to sin
And saints adore th
They trust their whole
Nor shall they suffe

The foolish builders, so
Reject it with disda
Yet on this rock the ch
And envy rage in v

What though the gates
Yet must this build
'Tis thy own work, A
And wondrous in

No longer host encount'ring host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come, then, O house of Jacob ! come
To worship at his shrine ;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

SONG 88. C. M.

THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come ;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun.

The north and south their sons resign
And earth's foundations bend ;
A bride adorn'd, Jerusalem
All glorious shall descend.

The King who wears the splendid crown
The azure flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down
To bless his church below.

When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring I
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars shall join to w
And Zion shout for joy.

SONG 83. C. M.

Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke ;

But we are come to Zion hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his wil
And spread his love abroad.

Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Where faith is turn'd to sight .

Behold the blest assembly there
Whose name

rean,

Whom here we see
And live in worlds of bliss
For ever with their Lord.

SONG 89. 11's.

THE Prince of salvation is coming—prepare
A way in the desert his blessings to share;
He comes to release us from sins and from woe
And make the rude wilderness bloom like the
rose.

His reign shall extend from the east to the west
Compose all the tumults of nature to rest;
The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.

The brute-hearted temper of man shall grow
tame,

The wolf and the lion lie down with the lamb
The bear with the kine shall contentedly
And children their young ones in harmony
shall the sound of the warwho

SPIRITUAL

Hail ! scenes of felicity,
When hatred and passion
Rich blessings of grace
giv'n,
And life only serve as a
Roll forward, blest Sa-
day,
When all shall submit, and
When men of all nations
One vast hallelujah triv

SONG 90

*Shout the glad tid
Jerusalem triumph*
Zion, the marvellous !
The Son of the High
The brightest of angels
He stoops to redeem
earth.

*Shout the glad tid
Jerusalem triumph*
Tell how he cometh
The heart-cheering
round,
How free to the spirit
How his people
crown'd.

*Shout the glad tid
Jerusalem triumph*
Mortals, your hosanna
And sweet let
You angels, the
One chorus re

SONG 91.

ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion kept by pow'r divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favor'd lot is thine!

Ev'ry human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heav'n and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bri
never cease to love thee;
in his sight

~~... ..~~ ~~... ..~~ ~~... ..~~ ~~... ..~~ ~~... ..~~
sought in his name.

as body new they make,—
rises far their head;
to rapt'rous joys awake;
rows all are fled.

jarring note, they join
ses songs of praise,
sacred Three in One
lelujahs raise.

ONG 93. S. M.

e Lord our God,
is praise be great;
is churches his abode,
delightful seat.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Our eyes are
How well our God secures us
Where his own sheep have been.

In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair ;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

Baptism.

SONG 94. S. M.

With willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod ;
The path of our Head.

... his saints,
 ... at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
 Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there ;
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

SONG 79. C. M.

WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown ?
 My feet shall stand upon

O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays ;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

SONG 97. H. M.

REFORM, and be immers'd,
Says our redeeming Lord ;
You all are now assur'd
That 'tis your Saviour's word ;
Arise ! arise without delay,
And his divine command obey.

You sin-convicted race,
Now fall at Jesus' feet ;
He'll save you through his grace ;
Come to his will and love.

ou Prince of Peace !
 great name we pray ;
 erts to thy grace
 dinance obey ;
 y love their souls allure,
 and pardon to secure !

ONG 98. L. M.

ommission of our Lord,
 h the nations, and baptize ;"
 have receiv'd the word
 ascended to the skies.

1 th' eternal hills,
 e and pardon in his hands ;
 is cov'nant, with its seals,
 he distant pagan lands.

id be immers'd," he saith,
 remission of your sins,"
 ir sense assists our faith,
 s us what the gospel means.

e washes in his blood,
 makes the body clean ;
 l Spirit from our God
 ke purifying rain.

SONG 99. L. M.

DESCENDING down into the flood,
We his great suff'rings there behold,
Who in deep waters for us stood,
While floods of wrath upon him roll'd

And when beneath the waters laid,
Our breath suspended in their womb,
We call to mind how Jesus died,
And buried lay within the tomb.

As from the wat'ry grave we rise,
We see him from death's prison free,
Discharg'd from sin, crown'd with the prize
Of endless life for all his seed.

This sign does to our faith declare -
Our part in him who once was dead;
For into death immers'd we are,
And with him buried as our head.

And as the Father's glorious power
Did life eternal to him give,
So by this pledge he makes us sure
That as he lives we'll also live.

SONG 100. C. M.

*PROCLAIM, says Christ, my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men;
He that believes and is immers'd
Salvation shall obtain.*

Ascending from the stream, behold
An emblem of his life restor'd ;
Hence live to him who died for you,
And all his just commandments do.

SONG 102. L. M.

COME, you redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey the sacred word :
He died and rose again for you—
What more could your Redeemer do ?

We to this place have come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe :
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

Almighty Lord, be present still,
Thy ancient promise to fulfil,
That they who on thy name believe
May peace and pardon here receive.

SONG 103. L. M.

Do we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord ?
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?

*Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and ?
So from the grave did Christ arise
And live to God above the skies.*

~~the masters we serv'd before~~
e dominion now no more.

NG 104. 8's, and 7's.

ouls, who seek salvation
h the Lamb's redeeming blood,
voice of revelation ;
he path that Jesus trod.

blest Redeemer call you ;
o his heav'nly voice ;
Ils that can befall you,
ou make his ways your choice.

re his footsteps tracing,
him without delay

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

nk beneath thy mystic bood ;
 the us in thy cleansing flood ;
 die to sin, and seek a grave,
 e thee, beneath the yielding wave.

l as we rise, with thee to live,
 et the Holy Spirit give
 a sealing unction from above,
 e breath of life, the fire of love.

SONG 106. S. M.

HERE, Saviour, we would come,
 In thine appointed way ;
 Obedient to thy high commands,
 Our solemn vows we pay.

O, bless this sacred rite,
 To bring us near to thee ; -
 And may we find that as our day
 Our strength shall also be.

SONG 107. C. M.

'Tis God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign ;
Tis he whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaim'd the Son divine.

Th

A

W

R

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Th

O

Ir

n'd him ; let our breath
 ; praise ascend,
 ge of his death
 heav'nly Friend.

onsecrated grave
 ath he trod :
 the hallow'd wave,
 on of God.

heav'n our zeal record,
 witness bear,
 n's mighty Lord
 giance swear.

scious souls may own,
 erene survey,
 his judgment throne,
 pt of this day.

108. 8's, and 7's.

King in Zion,
 our Guide shalt be :
 n we rely on ;
 allow none but thee.

of thy passion,
'ry o'er the grave,
thy great salvation,
beneath the wave.

Fearless of the world's despising,
 We the ancient path pursue,
 Buried with our Lord, and rising
 To a life divinely new.

SONG 109. C. M.

BAPTIZ'D into our Saviour's death,
 Our souls to sin must die;
 With Christ our Lord we live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.
 There, by his Father's side he sits,
 Enthron'd divinely fair,
 Yet owns himself our Brother still,
 And our Forerunner there.
 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
 On wings of faith and love;
 Above our choicest treasure lies,—
 And be our hearts above.
 But earth and sin will draw us down,
 When we attempt to fly;
 Lord send thy strong, attractive pow'r
 To fix our souls on high,

SONG 110. C. M.

O LORD, we in thy footsteps tread,
 With joy thy cause maintain;
 Like Jesus number'd with the dead,
 Like him we rise and reign.



SPIRITUAL SONGS.

o the hallow'd grave we
ient to thy word ;
us the world around shal
re buried with the Lord.

us we bid its pomps adie
d boldly venture in :
y we rise to live anew,
d only die to sin.

SONG 111. C. M

plenteous grace descend o
ho, hoping in thy word,
s day have solemnly declar
hat Jesus is their Lord.

h cheerful feet may they
nd run the Christian ra
l, through the troubles of
ind all-sufficient grace.

d, plant us all into thy d
hat we thy life may pro
takers of thy cross bene
nd of thy crown above

SONG 112.

done ; the great trans
am my Lord's, and he
rew me, and I follow
bic'd to own the cal

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest:
Here have I found a nobler part;
Here heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.

High Heav'n, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

SONG 113. L. M.

LORD, am I thine—entirely thine?
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine?
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

Thee my new master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord, let me live and die in thee;
Be mine through all eternity.

SONG 114. C. M.

O how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

AL SONGS. 217

we, the saints below,
anguish employ ;
as tidings go,
I'd with joy.

Father sees and hears
inner's moan :
in his arms,
for his own.

in joy contain,
new fire ;
found," they sing,
sounding lyre.

[5. C. M.

v'n, and joy on earth,
return,
souls rejoice,
sinners mourn.

I hear what God hath

and ;
from sea to sea,
be around !

Lord, renew
this day,
may see his seed,
his prey !

Great God! the work is all thine
Thine be the praises too:
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Give thee the glory due.

SONG 116. C. M.

O WITH what pleasure we behold
Sinners to Canaan move,
Leaving the fleeting things of ear
For greater things above.

These, having openly confess'd
The great Immanuel's name,
With sacred pleasure we receive
As lovers of the Lamb.

Lord, may they ever live to thee,
And grow in heav'nly love!
Still may they fight the fight of fa
Till crown'd with thee above.

SONG 117. L. M.

*WELCOME, thou well belov'd of God
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood
Welcome with us thine hand to join
As partners of our lot divine.*

the pilgrim's state embrace—
rav'ling to a blissful place;
thy Spirit knows the way,
I'll conduct from day to day.

Wear thy cross and bear it on;
Be light, and not be long;
Wilt thou sit with Jesus down,
I'll wear an everlasting crown.

SONG 118. L. M.

Can I describe the joys that rise
In all the courts of Paradise,
A prodigal return,
An heir of glory born!
Whom the Father doth approve
Of his eternal love;
Who with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

His Spirit takes delight to view
Thy soul he form'd anew;
Saints and angels join to sing
Of thy glowing empire of their King.

SONG 119. L. M.

Be in Christ, for his dear sake,
Early welcome here receive;
Together now partake
Of which only he can give.

Send his good
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of him
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns, for us.

We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffer'd for us here below,
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And long to see the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

**/ may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.**

SONG 121. C. M.

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord :
Stranger nor foe art thou :
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee :
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heav'nly bread we break,—
*Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,—
Freely of us partake.*

Come with us, we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done ;
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the vict'ry won.

And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost, and found in him.

SONG 122. L. M.

BELIEVING souls, of Christ belov'd,
Who have yourselves to him resign'd,
Your faith and practice, both approv'd,
A hearty welcome here shall find.

--

thou, who art the church's Head,
in union with thy blessing crown ;
Still, O Lord, revive the dead,
All thousands more thy name shall own.

SONG 123. C. M.

YE men and angels, witness now,—
Before the Lord we speak,
To him we make our solemn vow,—
A vow we dare not break,—

That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely ;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And, while we turn our vows to pray'rs,
Turn thou our pray'rs to praise.

SONG 124. L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride!

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 I would pay far too small;

our fainting breath,
with our living Lord,
int'rest in his death.

our pow'rs be join'd
glorious name to raise;
love fill ev'ry mind,
ev'ry voice be praise.

SONG 126. L. M.

to join to praise the Lamb;
our feeble lips could move
immortal as his name,
lasting as his dying love!
what mercy found?
how of heav'n resigns his breath
his life out to give?

But think on how
Deep was the suffering he endur'd
Upon th' accursed tree;
"For me," each welcome guest may say,
" 'Twas all endur'd for me."

Sure there was never love so free—
Blest Saviour, so divine:
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me
Which owes so much to thine

SONG 128. S. M.

Now let each happy guest
The sacred concert raise,
To close the honors of the feast,
In Master's praise.

glorious plan,
ous in our view!
source to man
nd pardon too.

129. L. M.

to behold and see
Jesus all agree,
the sacred board
of one common Lord.

ld the dawn of bliss—
the Saviour's grace—
ld his precious blood,
r pleads for us with God.

ait, we would implore
spread from shore to shore,
nts, like us, combine
Lord in songs divine.

ly give our hand,
Lord in ev'ry land;
e in Christ our head,
ndless honors paid.

read and wine, we view
is curses were our due;
e off'ring of our Lord,
lost is now restor'd.

Prove us the chosen --

SONG 130. L. M.

COME in, ye blessed of the Lord,
Ye that believe his holy word ;
Come, and receive his heav'nly bread,
The food with which his saints are fed.

Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,
And feast on his redeeming love ;
Come, all ye happy souls that thirst,
The last is welcome as the first.

Come to his table, and receive
Whate'er a pard'ning God can give ;
His love through ev'ry age endures ;
His promise and himself are yours.

131

Lord of life his table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood ;
On the rich provision feed,
We taste the wine and bless our God.

Our sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare for us a place ;
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

Our eyes look upward to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come ;
We wait his chariot's awful wheels
To fetch our longing spirits home.

SONG 132. C. M.

THE rich memorials of thy grief,
The suff'rings of thy death,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *faith*.

The tokens sent us to relieve
Our *spirits* when they droop,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *hope*.

Our mourning
We come, blest Saviour,
But would receive with love.

Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, blest Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

Increase our faith, and hope, and love
Lord, give us all that's good;
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

SONG 133. H. M.

Come, ev'ry pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name
Whose exert

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

th determin'd courage, go ;
arm'd with pow'r divine,
God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

Who has call'd you to the war
Will recompense your pains ;
The Messiah's conqu'ring car
Mountains shall sink to plains.

Sink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause ;
No doubt that e'en your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.

— — —

**Christian Union and Com-
munion.**



Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

SONG 137. S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

When we asunder part,
Griefs us inward pain ;
Grief'd in heart

SONG 139.

O HAPPY children who follow Jesus
Into the house of pray'r and praise,
And join in union while love increases,
Resolv'd this way to spend our days:
Although we're hated by the world and Satan,
By the flesh and such as love not God:
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons
We oftentimes find on Canaan's road.

Since we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
We've felt some strength come from above,
Our hearts have burn'd with holy rapture,
We long to be absorbed in love:
Let us sing praises for what is giv'n,
And trust in God for time to come:
Sure we shall find the way to heav'n;
So farewell, brethren—we're going home.

And as we go let us praise our Saviour,
And pray for those who spurn his grace,
And pray for those who lose love's richest treasure,
And pray for those who lose their smiling face.
And pray for those who lose their wishes,

May we, the little
We sinners, sav'd by grace,
From glory into glory chang'd,
Behold thy lovely face.
A Saviour, &c.

Lovefulness and Excellency of Jesus.

SONG 141. C. P. M.

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there giv'n
On which to place my hopes of heav'n,
But Christ, the corner-stone
Whom I all possess,
And righteousness

SPIRITU

as and shad
Christ, the
Saviour ju
e still his w
is promises
all his pre

ve for over
dying sinn
l and divin
Spirit in me
from sin, ar
life is min

PG 142.

t the sinner
look to the
owels of thy
ember me

pure word
alvary;
thy promise
ember me.

vocate with
to thee;
ting on th:
er me!

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,
ur mournful minds to move,
come, blest Saviour, to receive,
but would receive with *love*.

ere, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
ne utmost we can do, blest Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

increase our faith, and hope, and love
Lord, give us all that's good;
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

SONG 133. H. M.

COME, ev'ry pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
To sing with us and shout

In glorious triumph led :
Up through the sky the Conq'ror rode,
And reigns on high the Son of God.

From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day :
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

SONG 134. C. M.

Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God ;
Go, publish through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

What though your arduous task may lie
Through regions dark as death ;
What though your faith and zeal to try
Perils beset your path :

At home, abroad, away,
It never shall from thence depart.

SONG 145. S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
He is ever slow to rise,

our hearts and voices join
praise the Saviour's name ;
whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love is still the same.

When most we need his gracious hand,
This friend is always near ;
With heav'n and earth at his command,
He waits to answer pray'r.

His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course ;
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.

SONG 147. C. P. M.

THERE is no path to heav'nly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road ;
O may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Till we sit down with God.

The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,
The Saviour kind and true ;

O may we still his word believe,
And all his promises receive,

As he above for ever lives,
And *life* to dying mortals gives,
Eternal and divine;
O may his Spirit in me dwell!
Then, sav'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine.

SONG 148. C. M.

O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.
To them in each distressing hour
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and pow'
He stands engag'd to hear.
His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.
Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find thee near
And own us still for thine.
Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To worship thee above.

49. 7's.

rious name !
 ss fame ;
 rist unite—
 and height !

zing love
 his courts above :
 grace admire,
 n holy fire.

ondrous grace !
 e to face ;
 anuel sing,
 God and King.

50. C. M.

known to thee ;
 I would try
 ence, or to flee
 hine eye.

g eye surveys
 my rest,
 , my private ways,
 my breast.

open to thee, Lord,
 , form'd within,
 pronounce the word,
 all I mean.

O let thine arms surround me
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

SONG 151. C. M.

REJOICE, my soul, still in the Lord,
Who makes my cause his own,
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
Though many foes beset my road;
And feeble is my arm,
My life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as I am, I shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die!
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry sinner,
Will aid me from on high.

Though now unseen by outward
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have I to fear?

SONG 152.

Redeemer's glorio
sacred son
me

And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint for me a place.

Exhortatory Songs.

SONG 175. S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song,
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

FROM C.

Let all I am in thee be
But give thyself to me.

Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be giv'n ;
Thy presence makes my paradise ;
And where thou art is heav'n.

SONG 154. C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above,
His heart is made of tenderness ;
His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy divine,
He knows our feeble frame ;
— what sore temptations m

Oh sinners, would ye know,
If he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

SONG 156. L. M.

JESUS my all to heav'n has gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His path I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.



Aaron the priest
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

And thus on yonder mountain side
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and di
Short of the promis'd land.

Israel, rejoice, now Joshua leads,
He'll bring your tribes to rest;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

SONG 166. C. M.

REFRAIN. I love thy charming name,

with love divine,
rage bold;
faith, and meekness shine,
zeal grow cold.

Why dost thou fear
feeble clay?
thyour, ever near,
see in the way.

would rise and run
porting word;
I sufferings shun
e, my Lord.

reproach, defame,
what they will,
thy name,
servant still.

158. L. M.

faith with fixed eyes
ardrous sacrifice,
ardent flame,
thy hope disclaim.

ions who can see
courage, the nails, the tree,
and crimson sweat,
hands, and head, and feet?

Jesus, what millions of our race
 Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
 And millions more to thee shall fly,
 And on thy sacrifice rely.

The sorrow, shame, and death were *thine*,
 And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the pardon, life, and bliss;
 What love can be compar'd to this!

SONG 159. P. M.

My Prophet thou, my heavenly guide,
 Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
 The words that from thy lips proceed,
 O how divinely sweet they are!
 Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
 And imitate the blest above.

My great High Priest, whose precious
 Did once atone upon the cross, [blood
 Who now dost intercede with God,
 And plead the friendless sinner's cause:
 In thee I trust, thee would I love,
 And imitate the blest above.

My King supreme, to thee I bow
 A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit;
My Saviour King this heart would love,
And imitate the blest above.

Great Prophet of my God!
My tongue would bless thy name,
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.

Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now he pleads before the throne.

My dear and mighty Lord,
My Conq'ror and my King;
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing.
*Thine is the pow'r; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.*

SONG 161. L. M.

JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame:
Great God, prepare each heart and voice
In him for ever to rejoice.

Of him what wondrous things are told!
In him what glories I behold!
For him I gladly all things leave;
To him, my soul, for ever cleave.

In him my treasure's all contain'd,
In him my feeble soul's maintain'd;
From him what favors I receive!
Through him I shall for ever live!

With him I daily love to walk;
Of him my soul delights to talk;
On him I cast my ev'ry care;
Like him I shall one day appear.

My soul, from day to day
Thee on thy way;
Thy sinful he

him in cheerful, grateful songs ;
n your highest praise belongs !
him who doth your heav'n prepare,
whom you'll praise for ever there.

SONG 162. C. M.

, my Lord, how rich thy grace !
7 bounties how complete !
shall I count the matchless sum ?
w pay the mighty debt ?

on a throne of radiant light
it thou exalted shine ;
can my poverty bestow,
en all the world is thine ?

ou hast brethren here below,
e partners of thy grace ;
wilt confess their humble names
ore thy Father's face.

em, thou mayst be cloth'd and fed,
d visited and cheer'd ;
in their accents of distress
Saviour's voice be heard.

ace with rev'rence and with love,
, in thy poor, would see ;
is rather beg our bread
i keep it back from thee.

SONG 163.

82, . . .

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
Hallelujah!

Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God.
Hallelujah!

Reconcil'd in him to God.
When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Hallelujah!
in the same.

While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his saints of ev'ry station
Gladly join to spread his fame:
Hallelujah!
Gifts we offer to his name.

May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know;
Be to him these gifts devoted,
For to him my all I owe:
Hallelujah!
Run, ye heralds, to and fro.

Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations
His divine, victorious love:
Hallelujah!

So far as
The ruler as

SONG 166. C.

JESUS, I love thy charming
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out
That all the earth might

Yes, thou art precious to
My transport and m
Jewels to thee are gar
And gold is sordid

All that my ardent
In thee doth rich
Nor to my eyes is
Nor friendship

Grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath,
And, dying, triumph in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

SONG 167. C. M.

You glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view—
A treasure all divine.

Blest Sov'reign of my soul's desires
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the praise that love inspires,
Since I can call thee mine !

SONG 168. 8's.

My gracious Redeemer I love !
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.

To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

SONG 169. C. M.

Long as I live I'll praise thy name,
My King, my God of love ;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great :
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy work of grace repeat.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known—
Thy arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state



SONG 170. 7s.

Now begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
You who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

You, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on you move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

You, alas! who long have been
Slaves of death and sin,
No longer rove,
Sing love.

, then, your music bring,
aloud each cheerful string;
cals, join the hosts above,
n to praise redeeming love.

SONG 171. C. M.

ASHAM'D of Christ! our souls disdain
The mean, ungen'rous thought;
Shall we disown that friend whose blood
To man salvation brought?

With the glad news of love and peace
From heav'n to earth he came;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.

To his command let us submit

But should
From our professing
Jesus, the Judge, before the
The traitors will deny.

SONG 172. 8's, and 7's.

O THOU Fount of ev'ry blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy praise;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me ever to adore thee,
May I still thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.
Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
To arrive at home.
A stranger,
O God!

SPIRITUAL

Let me wander
Never leave thee w
thy Word and Spi
Till I reach thy cou.

SONG 173.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus
And dwell with him al
To drink the flowing foun
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of
nd with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures i.

At now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
If I hold out faithful,
Crown of life he'll give,
All his valiant soldiers
Eternal life.





And you,
And on your way,

And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heav'nly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

O! do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you long for knowledge,
On him you may depend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer
And bring you home to rest.

SONG 174. C. M.

'm not asham'd to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honors of his word,
The glory of his cross.

Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne his promise stands
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem

Sing
Sing how he interceded
For those whose sins he bore.

Sing on your heav'nly way,
You ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ, the glorious King.

Soon shall you hear him say,
"You blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call you hence away
And take his pilgrims home.

SONG 176. C. M

BEHOLD what witnesses unseen
Encompass us around,
— like us with sufferings

e for the joy before him set
(So gen'rous was his love,)
endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And now he reigns above.

If he the scorn of wicked men
With patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom he died
To murmur and complain?

No—let our hearts no more despond,
Our hands be weak no more;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
His wisdom still adore.

SONG 177. C. M.

We laugh to scorn his call,
 While by our Shepherd's side,
 The sheep he never can devour,
 Unless he first divide.

O do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree:
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in thee!
 Together let us sweetly live,
 Together let us die;
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign in worlds on high!

SONG 178. C. M.

For me, O did my Saviour bleed,
 And my Sov'reign die!
 That sacred head
 T!

e my blushing face,
cross appears ;
; in thankfulness,
yes to tears.

I can ne'er repay
ve I owe ;
e myself away,
can do.

.79. L. M.

l peace and love ?
nversation be :
led with the dove—
seek simplicity.

Dispensing good
The labors of his life we
O! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

But ah! how blind, how weak we are!
How frail, how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care;
O may thy Spirit be our guide!

Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Lord Jesus, daily more like thee.

SONG 180. C. M.

Go on, you pilgrims, while below,
The sure path of peace,
Nothing else to know

SONGS. 278

atch and pray
the road,
t by the way,
e of God.

at the fruit
rtal mind ;
more dispute,
e wind.

nd day ;
efore,
ray,
be o'er.

e promis'd land,
d race,
glorious band,
grace.



I'll go to Jesus,
Has like a mountain -
His kingdom now I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

Humbly I'll bow at his command,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll own I am a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

Surely he will accept my plea,
For he has bid me come;
Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee,
For yet, he says, there's room.

I cannot perish if I go;
I am resolv'd to try:
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

the church of God their praises join,
And of salvation sing;
They glorify the grace divine
Of their victorious King.

In heav'n above, th' angelic throng
Around the throne rejoice;
But sinners sav'd should swell the song
With loudest, sweetest voice.

SONG 183. C. M.

SINCE I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

SONG 100 -

If life's pleasures charm you, give
your heart,

Lest the gift ensnare you from your God to part;
His favor seek, his praises speak;

Fix here your hope's foundation;
Serve him, and he will ever be
The Rock of your Salvation.

If distress befall you, painful though it be,
Let not grief appal you—to your Saviour flee;
He ever near, your pray'r will hear,
And calm your perturbation;

The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow
The Rock of your Salvation.

When earth's prospect fail you, let it not distress,
Better comforts wait you—Christ will surely bless;
To Jesus flee—your prop he'll be,

Your heav'nly consolation;
For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
The Rock of your Salvation.

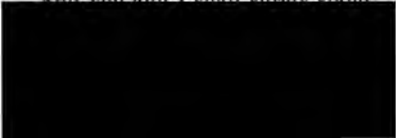
Approach you, let them not alarm
and protect from har
hands

SONG 185. C. M.

▲, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view those holy men,
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.
Though dead, they speak in reason's ear
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.
'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquer'd ev'ry foe; [bl
And to his pow'r and matchless grace
Their crowns and honor owe.
Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast giv'n,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
Which led them safe to heav'n.

SONG 186. C. M.

Our souls are in the Saviour's hand,
And he will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand



And crown—

When we've been there ten thousand
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun.

Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home
Come, O Redeemer! come away!
O Jesus! quickly come!

SONG 187. 11's.

I WOULD not live always: I ask not
Where storm after storm rises dark o'
The few cloudy mornings that dawn
Are enough for life's woes, full eno
cheer.

... cease unceasingly roll,
mille of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

SONG 188. L. M.

and shall it ever be,
man asham'd of thee :
of thee, whom angels praise,
thy shines through endless days !

of Jesus ! Sooner far
ing blush to own a star !
the beams of light divine
benighted soul of mine.

of Jesus ! Just as soon
ing be asham'd of noon :



LORD, we adore thy crown
Which crowns the gospel
Subjecting rebels to thee
And bringing to the fold

May those who have thee
As their own faith, and
From day to day still
In faith, in love, in hope

As living members make
The joys and griefs we
And active in their stations
In all the offices of love
From all temptations free



SPIRITUAL SONGS

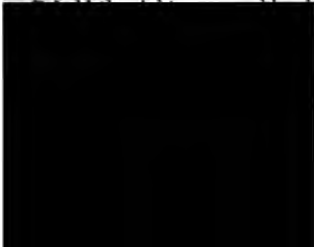
CHORUS.

*We're all united heart and hand
Join'd in one band completely,
We're marching through Immanue.
Where waters flow most sweetly;*

Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden st
Though hell may rage and vent it
Yet Christ will save his heart's de

That happy day will soon appear,
When Michael's trumpet you shal
Sound through the earth—yea, de
And call the nations great and sn

Behold the world in burning flam
The trumpet louder still proclaim
The world must hear and know h
The separation day has come.





AWAKE, you saints, and raise your
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign
That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day
Welcome each closing year!

Not many years their round shal
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

You wheels of nature, speed you
Mortal now'rs, decay;

my hungry soul to feed,
O bless in time of need.

O grant me rich supply,
O guide me with his eye,
O comfort me when faint,
O hear my soul's complaint.

my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
and loves me to the end;
and while he lives I'll sing,
my Prophet, Priest, and King!

and grants me daily breath;
and I shall conquer death;
my mansion to prepare,
O bring me safely there.

Evangeli^{zing} Songs.

SONG 193. H. M.

BLOW you the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!

Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-aton^{ing} Lamb:
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim:

The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.
Jesus, our great High Priest,
Propitiation made:
— spirits, rest,
— be glad:

ors, know
ace of heav'n ;
nse you owe,
is giv'n :
is come ;
sinners, home.

l for naught
ve,
unbought,
s' love :
is come ;
sinners, home.

t hear,
v'nly grace ;
arth, appeal
our's face :

Let not come

Nor of fitness fondly,
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;

This he gives you,
'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.
Come, you weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.
Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,

"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?
Lo! the rising Lord, ascending,
Plucks the virtue of his blood:
His venture freely, his trade:

SONG 195. C. M.

WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.
Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.
Come then with all your wants and wounds ;
Your ev'ry burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
A deep celestial-spring !
Whoever will (O gracious word !)
Shall of this stream partake ;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord

Muse -

On flow'ry beds
While others fought to win
And sail'd through bloody seas.

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Since I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
Of vict'ry through the skies,
Of vict'ry to thine.

L SONGS. • 289

the meanest slave,
by taste ;
and the prince
at feast.

Hence, but those
as exclude ;
and polite,
rude.

of ev'ry name,
tongue :
g to receive
ong.

8. C. M.



Ho! you that
And pine away and
Here may you quench your raging
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Great God ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day :
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

„ all you wretched sinners, come,
e'll form your souls anew ;
s gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

His doctrine is almighty love,
There's virtue in his name
To turn a raven to a dove,
A lion to a lamb.

Come, then, accept the offer'd grace,
And make no more delay ;
His love will all your guilt efface,
And soothe your fears away.

Yet are his heart and house so large,
That millions more may come :
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

All things are ready : come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

SONG 201. L. M.

WHENE'ER a sinner turns to God,
With contrite heart and flowing eyes,
The happy news makes angels smile,
And tell their joys above the skies.

SONG 202. L. M.

weary souls, with sin distress'd,
, and accept the proffer'd rest;
Saviour's gracious call obey,
and cast your gloomy fears away.

Oppress'd with guilt, a heavy load,
O! come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart:

Turn, he cries, O sinner, turn !
By his love your God makes known
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive,
If your death were his delight,
Would he thus to life invite ?
Would he ask, beseech and cry,
Why will you resolve to die ?
Sinners, turn while God is near !
He has left you naught to fear :
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands :
Cries, " You will not happy be,
No, you will not come to me ;
Me, who life to none deny—
Why will you resolve to die ?"
Can you doubt that God is love,
Who thus calls you from above ?
Will you not his word receive ?
Will you not his oath believe ?
Lord appears :
Tears !

the hour that God has giv'n
scape from hell and fly to heav'n,
day of grace, when mortals may
are the blessings of the day.

living know that they must die,
neath the clods their dust must lie ;
n have no share in all that's done
neath the circle of the sun.

on what my thoughts design to do,
hands, with all your might pursue :
ce no device nor work is found,
: faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

re are no acts of pardon pass'd
the cold grave to which we haste ;
ay we all receive thy grace,
d see with joy thy smiling face.

Now angels are attending
To waft the news above,
Your Saviour still presenting
The joys of pard'ning love;
O! come, accept the offer
Of pardon and free grace,
And own his mighty power
In songs of love and praise.

He will remove your sorrow
And grace and peace bestow;
Then leave not till to-morrow
The joy he offers now.
This is the time accepted:
O may redeeming love,
No more by you rejected,
Your lasting solace prove.

Now your choice, and halt no more;
Now is waiting for the poor:
Now, poor souls, what will you do?
Will you come to Christ or no?
Fathers and sons for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
Matrons and maids, we look to you:
Are you resolv'd to perish, too?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down?
Once more we ask you in his name,
(We know his love remains the same,)
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

Hear, O sons of men,
Who have wrought your own
Here are life and free salvation
Offer'd to the whole creation.

'Twas for you that Jesus died,
And for you was crucified,
Conquer'd death, and rose to heaven;
Endless life through him is given.

Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money,
Mercy like a flowing fountain
Streaming from the holy mountain.

For this love let rocks and mountains,
Silver streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

— of ev'ry nation,
— nation.

SONG 208. C. M.

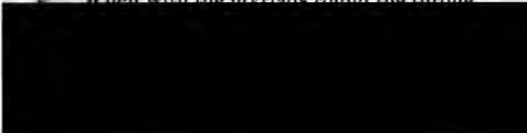
on, his own holy mount,
d has a feast prepar'd,
d Israel's sons and Gentile lands
Have in the banquet shar'd.

Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows;
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance giv'n!
See rebels by adopting grace
Sit with the heirs of heav'n!

The pain'd, the sick, the dying now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The dainties of the board.

But O! what pleasant draughts unknown,
What dainties shall be giv'n,
When with the myriads round the throne



SONG 200.

Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay ?

Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And ev'ry promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

SONG 210. L. M

WISDOM divine ordain'd the plan
Rebelling, fallen man ;
O men, give ear ;

Arm, he cried—in Jesus' name
All immers'd, despise the shame;
Remission full the Lord will give,
The Spirit, too, you shall receive.

This is the way ordain'd by God
To enter his divine abode—
His church on earth—come, enter in,
No longer serve the tyrant, sin.

Haste and escape the threat'ning storm,
Believe in Jesus, and reform;
Rise—be immers'd without delay,
And wash your num'rous sins away.

SONG 211. L. M.

Convert sinners to the gospel feast.

The message, as it is,
You all may come to Christ—
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to call in vain.

This is the time—no more delay;
The Saviour calls you all to-day:
O may his call effectual prove!
Accept the offers of his love!

SONG 212. 7's and 6's.

Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
All your sins will round you crowd,
In crimson dye;
Singing loud,

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

your hearts be made of steel
forehead lined with brass,
length will make you feel,
will not let you pass :
then in vain will call,
now despise his grace,
and mountains, on us fall,
hide us from his face !”

yet there is a hope,
may his mercy know ;
his arm be lifted up,
will forbears the blow ;
for sinners Jesus died,
ers he invites to come ;
who come shall be denied,
ays, “ There still is room.”



Will you let him die—
Crucify your Lord again?
Why—you ransom'd sinners—why
Will you slight his grace and die?
Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Oh! you dying sinners, why—
Why will you for ever die?

SONG 214. 7's.

Come, you weary sinners, come—
All who feel your heavy load;
Jesus calls the wand'ers home;
Hasten to your pard'ning God.
Come, you guilty souls, oppress'd,
Hear to the Saviour's call;
For to the Saviour give you rest;

ce is demanded, the Saviour is here,
redemption is purchas'd—salvation is free.

Delay not, delay not! why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord!
A fountain is open'd; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pard'ning blood?

Delay not, delay not! O sinner, to come;
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

Delay not, delay not! the Spirit of grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, entreats thee to come;
Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,
And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom.

Delay not, delay not! the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall
fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment
shall stand;

What shall then O sinner shall stand then

Make the banquet sweeter still.
Come, O come to mercy's door;
Christ receiveth all the poor;
Jesus gives a glorious share;
To his banquet, then, repair.

SONG 217. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

WHAT, poor sinner, means this sadne
Wherefore art thou thus cast down
Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his blest name.
Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus never will forget thee;
Follow him:

as upon the events of life.

Now, now, your case before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in ;
O receive him ! O adore him !
Take a full discharge from sin.

Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more
O you blind, you lame, you needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store !

SONG 219. S. M.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found.—

There safe thou shalt
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And ev'ry longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

And when the waves of ire,
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

SONG 220. C. M.

Lo! WISDOM stands with smiling face,
And courts us to her arms?
Who can resist the wondrous grace,
And slight her pow'rful charms?

She, gen'rous, holds out to our sight
Riches which shall endure;
Which rubies half so bright,

COME, YE WHO LONG IN VAIN HAVE SOUGHT
True happiness to find,
In all the joys of earth there's naught
Can fill th' immortal mind.

Come, and partake the blessed feast
That Christ for you has spread ;
Not all the treasures of the east
Can buy this living bread.

Come, join the humble, happy band,
That sing redemption's lay ;
With them, united heart and hand,
Pursue the heav'nly way.

in. SONG 222. C. M.

RETURN, O wand'rer, now return !
And seek thy Father's face ;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.



Return, O wand'rer, now return !
Thy Saviour bids thee live ;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

Return, O wand'rer, now return !
And wipe the falling tear ;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn,
'Tis love invites thee near.

SONG 223. C. M.

Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous
For ev'ry humble guest.

SPIRIT

O come, and with
The blessings of
While hope attends
Of nobler joys a

There, with united
Before th' eternal
Ten thousand thousa
In ecstasies unkn

And yet ten thousand
Are welcome still
Ye longing souls, the
Approach — there y

SONG 224. 81

Come, you poor and thir
To the living waters
Jesus bids you come and
And declares he'll cast
Give him credit;
He's Jehovah's faithful

arken to the Bride and
Seize the promises divine
Without money, price, or m
Buy of Jesus milk and w
His rich bounty
Only take: he makes it

Wherefore toil ye still for nothing,
 Spend your strength and treasure too?
 Joyfully receive the blessing
 Which his lib'ral hands bestow;
 All his goodness
 Let your souls delight to know.

SONG 225. 11's.

Why stand you here idle, my friends, all the
 day?

Your moments, so fleeting, will soon pass away;
 All things are provided for sinners undone,
 And you are invited and welcome to come.

Here mercy and pardon, here love and free
 grace; [peace]

Here strong consolation, here great joy and
 Here hope for the hopeless—the weary find rest
 Here all things are plenty for sinners distress'd

Here wine, milk, and honey, are plenty in store
 Sufficient for thousands, yea, millions, and more
 Here balm for the wounded, here strength for
 the weak;

Here cordials divine are prepared for the sick.

Here armor and weapons for soldiers to wield
 A breastplate, a helmet, a sword and a shield;
 The poor receive riches, a crown for the head,
 Eternal salvation and life from the dead.

*O come, all ye needy, ye poor and distress'd,
 Partake of his grace, and then ever be bless'd
 O come without money to Jesus and buy;
 Then love him, and praise him, for ever on hi*

O HAPPY is the
Instruction's wall
And who celestial wisdom
His early, only choice.

For she has treasure greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than all the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of
And honor bright appears.

She guides our youth with
In pleasure's path to tread
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labor
So her rewards increase
Her ways are ways of life
And all her paths

BROAD is the road that leads to death ;
 And thousands walk together there ;
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveller.

“ Deny thyself, and take thy cross,”
 Is the Redeemer’s great command ;
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heav’nly land.

The fearful soul that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteem’d almost a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.

Lord, let my hopes be not in vain,
 Create my heart entirely new :
 This hypocrites could ne’er attain ;
 This hypocrites could never know.

See the storm of vengeance
 O'er the path you dare to tread,
 The reward which God is meas'ring,
 Soon shall fall upon your head:
 Turn, O sinner,
 Lest the lightning strike you dead.
 Haste and flee to Christ the Saviour;
 Seek his mercy while you may;
 Soon the day of grace is over,
 Soon your life must pass away:
 Haste, O sinner,
 You must perish if you stay.

SONG 230. 12's, 11's, and

THE Prince of Salvation in triumph;
 And glory attends him along his way
 The news of his grace on the breezes
 And nations are owning his sway
 And now through the darkness of
 regions,
 The wheels of his chariot are
 His banners unfolding his own
 Dispelling the errors of sin
 Behold a bright angel from
 lifting his trumpet
 of the His

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

"Thy sword and thy buckler shall save
deliver

The poor and the needy, from foes that
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish
The Prince and the legions of hell.

"Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering
Saviour;

Let thousands of thousands submit to thee;
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thee;
And follow thy glorious train.

"Ride on, till the compass of thy great dominion
The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole;
And mankind, cemented with friendship
union,

Obeys thee with heart and with soul.

"Then loud shall ascend from each saved
nation

The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise
And heaven shall echo the song of salvation
In rich and melodious lays."

SONG 231. 11's.

O TURN you! O turn you, for why will ye
When God in his mercy is coming so nigh
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come
The brethren are waiting to welcome you

How vain the delusion, that while you dwell
Your hearts may grow better by staying
Come wretched, come starving, come
you be,

Here streams of salvation are flowing



He now bids you welcome —
room.

In riches, in pleasure, what can
To soothe your affliction or be
To bear up your spirit when sad
Or waft you to mansions of glory

Why will you be starving and
There's mercy in Jesus enough
If still you are doubting, make
And prove that his mercy is boundless

SONG 232.

THIS is the word of truth
Sent to the nations from
Jehovah here resolves to
What his almighty grace

This remedy did Wisdom
To the diseases of the soul

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

**Where Satan reign'd in shades of
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light
Our lusts its wondrous pow'r contr
And calms the rage of angry souls**

**Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb,
While the wide world esteems it st
Gaze, and admire, and hate the ch**

**Still may his grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too ;
The word that saves me, does enga
A sure defence from all their rage.**

SONG 233. L. M.

God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known



And be my chosen ~~hollow~~

SONG 234. I

O LOVE, beyond conception
That form'd the vast, stup
Where all divine perfection
To reconcile rebellious m

There wisdom shines in ful
And justice all her right
Astonish'd angels stoop to
While mercy o'er the gu

Yes, mercy reigns, and ju
In Christ they both har
He paid to justice all her
And now he fills the m

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

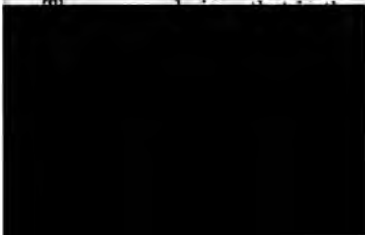
“ They shall find rest who learn of
I’m of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the win

“ Blest is the man whose shoulder
My yoke, and bear it with delig
My yoke is easy to the neck ;
My grace shall make the burden

Jesus, we come at thy command ;
With faith and hope and humbl
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy w

- SONG 236. L. M.

WAND’ERER from God, return, retur
And seek an injur’d Father’s fa



SONG 231.

YE who in his courts are found
List'ning to the joyful sound,
Lost and hopeless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
View his bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holiness, and heav'n;
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

SONG 238. 7's.

cross uplifted high,
designs to die,

— the house to room,
and welcome, sinner, come.

Soon the days of life shall end ;
So, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

SONG 239. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above ?
Ev'ry sentence, O how tender,
Ev'ry line is full of love ;
Listen to it ;
Ev'ry line is full of love.

Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim :
" Pardon to each rebel sinner ;
Free forgiveness in his name :"
O how gracious !
"*Free forgiveness in his name.*"

Offer'd to you by the Lord
Can you slight it?
Offer'd to you by the Lord?

O ye angels, hov'ring round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way
Haste ye to the court of heav'n;
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

SONG 240. 7th.

WEeping sinners, dry your tears;
Jesus on the throne appears;
Mercy comes with balmy wing,
In salvation sing.

Bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise ;
Thy word let all the heathen hear,
And learn thy holy ways.

Send forth thy glorious pow'r ;
All nations then shall see,
And earth present her grateful store,
In converts born to thee.

SONG 242. S. M.

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of grace reveal.

How charming is their voice !
How sweet their tidings are !
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

And sought, but never found.

How blessed are our eyes
That see the heav'nly light!
Prophets and priests desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

You watchmen, join your voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem, break forth in songs;
Ye deserts, learn the joy.

O Lord, make bare thy arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Glory to God on high!
And peace o'er all the earth!
Good-will to men—to angels joy

SONG 244. S. M.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought.

God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

SONG 245. L. M

So let your lips and lives express
The holy gospel you profess;
So let your works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
Thus shall you best proclaim abroad
The honors of your Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin,
Your flesh and sense must be denied
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth,
Your inward piety approve.
Religion bears your spirits up,
While you expect that blessed
And bright appearance of th
And faith stands leaning on
Welcome, then, brethren o
The rest his word and ch
Accept, and may his gr
Cause you in deeds of

SPIRITUAL SONG

SONG 246. S.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly
And watch before his gate

Let all your lamps be bright
And trim the golden flax
Gird up your loins, as in his
For awful is his name.

Watch! 'tis the Lord's command
And while we speak he's near
Mark the first signal of his
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found
He shall his Lord with rapture
And be with honor crown'd

SONG 247. 8's, 7'

LIGHT of them that sit in darkness
Rise and shine, thy blessing
Light to lighten all the Gentiles
Rise with healing on thy
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations

Come, and, worshippers,
Serve the living God alone!
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word: at thy command
Let thy truth and faithful heralds
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord, be with them
Always to the end of time.

SONG 248. L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Thee brought by thee.

ghty God, thy grace proclaim
v'ry land, of ev'ry name!
t adverse powers before thee fall,
and crown the Saviour Lord of all.

SONG 249. P. M.

WITH songs of grateful praise
Surround Jehovah's seat;
The goodness of his ways
Through all the earth repeat;
His mercy rose
Ere time was known,
And from his throne
Eternal flows.

And pour them on Kings ———,
Arabia, raise
The songs divine;
And Afric, join
T' exalt his praise.

Let India's fertile shore
Its gifts and honors bring,
To hail the Saviour's power,
To crown Immanuel, King;
Remotest lands
The homage pay,
Till all obey
His high commands.

SONG 250. 5's and 6's.

You servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

333

A great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

Salvation to Him,
Who sits on the throne—
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son:
Our Saviour's praises
The angels proclaim,
They fall on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

Him let us adore,
And give him his right;
And glory and power
And might:

While Gentiles to him

And bow before his throne?

When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes

A dark, bewilder'd race,

Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,

And learn and feel his grace?

Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues

Under th' expanse of heav'n,

To the dominion of thy Son

Without exception giv'n?

From east to west, from north to south,

Then be his name ador'd!

Europe, with all thy millions, shout

Hosannas to the Lord!

Asia and Africa, resound

From shore to shore, his fame;

And America in songs

For whom you serve
 His strength bestow;
 On his promis'd aid,
 His courage go.

He shall sink to plains,
 He in vain oppose;
 His God's, and must prevail
 Of all his foes.

His Saviour's fame,
 His matchless grace,
 His guilty and deprav'd
 His num'rous race.

He in his name
 His divine success;
 That he who sends you forth
 His endeavors bless,

And clouds of smoke

There, 'neath the fig-tree and the vine,
Shall Judah's daughters peaceful rest,
And gray-hair'd fathers safe recline
On sacred Calv'ry's hoary breast.

Those tuneful harps that hung so long
Upon the weeping willow's stem,
Shall swell again old Zion's song,
Within thy gates—Jerusalem.

SONG 254. 11's.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of glad-
ness,
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
— — — — — thy foes, but the arm that subdued

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

SONG 255. 7's and 6

FROM Greenland's icy mountain;
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
And ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.
Shall we, whose souls are lighte



Lord's-Day Meetings.

SONG 257. C. M.

COME, let us join with one accord
 In hymns around the throne;
 This is the day our risen Lord
 Hath made and call'd his own.

This is the day which God has bless'd,
 The brightest of the sev'n,
 Type of the everlasting rest
 The saints enjoy in heav'n.

Then let us in his name sing on,
 And hasten on that day,
 When our Redeemer shall come down,
 To take us home away.

O what a night was that
The heathen world in gloom,
O what a Sun which rose this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thousand different lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

SONG 259. S. M.

ONCE more before we part
Will bless the Saviour's name;
And ev'ry heart,
Shall praise him the same.

SONG 260. C. M.

Now may the God of peace and love,
Who, from th' impris'ning grave,
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save—

Through the rich merits of that blood
Which he on Calv'ry spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built,—

Perfect our souls in ev'ry grace
T' accomplish all his will,
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil.

O for the great Messiah's sake,
Our humble lay;

His crown'd

Your lips forget to move.
Ye young, before his throne
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the pow'r to praise.
Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,—
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—
Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heav'n on earth be won.

SONG 262. C. M.

Call on the King of all the saints

ah, the song, how faint it flows !
 How languid our desire !
 How dim the sacred passion glows
 Till thou the heart inspire !

least Saviour, let thy glory shine,
 And fill thy dwellings here,
 Till life, and love, and joy divine,
 A heav'n on earth appear.

SONG 263. 7s.

Lord, we come before thee now ;
 At thy feet we humbly bow :
 O do not our suit disdain ;
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

Lord, on thee our souls depend :

SONG 264. C. M.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair ;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Saviour here.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

— — — — — the word

ONG 265. C. M.

thy house, O Lord our God,
 glory now appear ;
 this a place of thine abode,
 and shed thy blessings here.

When we thy mercy-seat surround,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, impart ;
 And let thy gospel's joyful sound
 With power reach ev'ry heart.

Here let the blind their sight obtain ;
 Here give the mourners rest ;
 Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
 Enthron'd in ev'ry breast.

Here let the voice of sacred joy

Adorn'd with wondrous
And walls of strength embrace
round ;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

Here David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne ;
He sits for grace and judgment here ;
He bids the saints be glad ;
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

· May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest ;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
And blessings on him rest.

**And shall she feel a second throe,
And bring forth all his brethren too.**

**The life which wrought in Christ our head
Secures our rising from the dead:
This faith does all our fears control,
This gives a Sabbath to the soul.**

**Our risen Lord all things obey,
E'en death and hell must own his sway:
While saints with one accord proclaim
The glory of his endless fame.**

Morning Songs.

SONG 268. C. M.

**LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest pow'rs,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.**

O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend ;
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

SONG 269. C. M.

WITH thee, great God, the stores of li
And stores of darkness lie ;
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.

SONG 270. C. M.

my soul, the rising day
my waking eyes ;
my voice, thy tribute pay
who rules the skies.

By night his name repeats ;
renews the sound,
the heavens on which he sits,
the seasons round.

My wretched souls have fled
the last setting sun !
thou length'nest out my thread,
yet my moments run.

God, let all my hours be thine,
I enjoy the light ;
all my sun in smiles decline,
bring a peaceful night.

SONG 271. L. M.

The morning, at thy voice
the cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
and a giant doth rejoice
on his journey through the skies.

The sun may I fulfil
pointed duties of the day ;
thy mind and active will
on, and keep my heav'nly way.

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

SONG 272. L. M.

My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

I yield my pow'rs to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

SONG 273. C. M.

AGAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
I rise to hail the dawn;
Again my waking eyes unclose,
To view the smiling morn.



SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Great God of love, thy praise I'll
For thou hast safely kept
My soul beneath thy guardian wi
And watch'd me while I slept.

Glory to thee, eternal Lord ;
O teach my heart to pray,
And thy blest Spirit's help afford
To guide me through the day.

Let ev'ry thought and word accor
With thy most holy will ;
Each deed the precepts of thy wo
With pious aim fulfil.

From danger, sin, and ev'ry ill,
My constant Guardian prove ;
O sanctify my heart, and fill
With thoughts of holy love.

SONG 274. 7's.

THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song :
Thankful from my couch arise,
To the God that rules the skies.

Thou did'st hear my ev'ning cry ;
Thy preserving hand was nigh :
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed
Grateful to my weary head.



Sins and snares beset n

Gently, with the dawn
On my soul thy beams
Sweeter than the smile
Let thy cheering light

SONG 275.

God of my life, my mor
To thee I cheerful rai
Thine acts of love 'tis g
And pleasant 'tis to p

Preserv'd by thy almighty
I pass'd the shades of
Serene, and safe. from a

SPIRITUAL SONGS

O let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare
My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they
And guide my future days
And let thy goodness fill my
With gratitude and praise

SONG 276. S.

SERENE I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care
I slept—and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame
But whence these fears arise, I
But whence these fears arise, I



SPIRITUAL SONGS.

SONG 277. C. M.

ANNA, with a cheerful sound,
O God's upholding hand!
A thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand!
That was a most amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word;
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To hurry us away.

Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's most righteous law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry breath we draw.

God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night
Beneath his guardian wings.

SONG 278. C. M.

On thee, each morning, O my God
My waking thoughts attend,
In whom are founded all my hopes
In whom my wishes end.

My

A

r;
King,

ght

ght

I.
God,
pes,

At morn, at noon, at night, I'll
The pleasing work pursue,
And thee alone will praise, to
All praise is ever due.

SONG 279. S. M

THE morning light returns,
The sun begins to shine;
Now let our souls in haste arise
To run the race divine.

We praise the Father's love,
Who kept us through the night;
O may his kindness be our song,
His pleasure our delight.

While passing through this ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~day~~ ^{day}
 Lord, we implore thy ~~care~~ ^{care} ~~and~~ ^{and}
 To guide us on the heavenly way
 And guard from every snare.

And when our life shall close
 O may it be in peace;
 May we lie down in sweet repose
 And wake in endless bliss.

SONG 280. A. M.

See how the rising sun
 Pursues his shining way;
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
 With every brightening ray.

Thus would my rising soul
 Its heav'nly Parent sing,
 And to its great Original
 An humble tribute bring.

O may I grateful use
 The blessings I receive;
 And ne'er in thought, in word, or deed
 His Holy Spirit grieve!

May all my days and pow'rs
 Be sacred, Lord, to thee;
 And in thy presence may I spend
 A blest eternity!

... ever,
... the guard and giver ;
... dost guard thy children sleeping,
... ever safe while in thy keeping.

We have seen thy wondrous might
Through the shadows of the night ;
Thou who slumb'rest not, nor sleepest,
Bless'd are they thou kindly keepest.

God of ev'ning's yellow ray,
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea,
Like breathings of eternity—

Thine the flaming orbs of light ;
Thine the darkness of the night ;
Thine are all the gems of even—
God of angels, God of heaven.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Well for ever in my heart—

Thou art
To guard our souls;
Thy sov'reign word restores
And wakes the drowsy pow'rs.
We yield ourselves to thy command,
To thee devote our days;
For constant blessings from thy hand
Demand our constant praise.

SONG 283. S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
We lay our garments by,
Our beds to rest;
Disrobe us all

season rest,
season of thy love.

SONG 284. L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.

With sleep -
Safe in thy care may I rest,
And wake to praise thy holy name.

. SONG 286. C. M.

Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.

Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

New time, new favor, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

d, are they
ly stay'd !
in life alarm'd,
h dismay'd.

88. C. M.

ove and pow'r,
se resound,
y passing hour
dness crown'd.

ay, thy tender care
ts supplied,
ev'ry baneful snare
s to guide.

Though destruction

Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

SONG 290. L. M.

Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorials of his grace.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

When the night of death shall come,
I shall lie down beneath the ground.

us the light of day
 / ever pass away ;
 .rom sin and sorrow free,
 as, Lord, to dwell with thee.

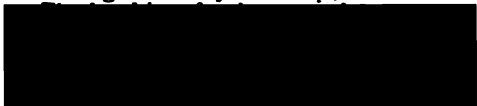
SONG 292. C. M.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
 I am for ever thine :
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.

And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and business free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
 With my own heart and thee.

I pay this ev'ning sacrifice ;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith, my hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.

Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;



Hymns

SONG 293. C. M.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

I could renounce my all below,
If my Redeemer bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die, as Moses did.

Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And welcome the command.

Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
— life among the charms

not; 'angels say,
 e away ;"
 is me quite ?—
 huts my sight,
 , draws my breath ?—
 an this be death ?

it disappears ;
 y eyes ; my ears
 ic ring :
 ngs ! I mount ! I fly !
 thy victory ?
 hy sting ?"

95. C. M.

nd o'er our head

That they who —
Shall live in heav'n or hell.

SONG 296. C. M.

HEAV'N has confirm'd the dread decree
That Adam's race must die :
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

Ye living men, the tomb survey
Where you must shortly dwell ;
Hark ! how the awful summons sounds,
In ev'ry fun'ral knell !

Once you must die, and once for all ;
The solemn purport weigh ;
For know that heav'n or hell depends

SONG 297. 8's and 4's.

is a calm for those that weep,
rest for weary pilgrims found :
softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their sweet repose,
Than summer ev'ning's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

Then, trav'ler in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through times dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

Thy soul, renew'd by grace divine,
In God's own image, freed from clay,
In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine,

1. Verse.

And left a long perfume.

The graves of all the saints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

SONG 299. C. M.

As vain world engage no more :
Ope the op'ning tomb:
Let us seize the present hour :
To-morrow death may come.

Let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save ;
When shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing pow'r ;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's approaching hour.

SONG 300. S. H. M.

A vast

Home of the good alone,
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away :
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day :
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heav'n's own light.

SONG 301. C. M.

DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear
We will not weep for thee :
One thought shall check the starting tear
That thou art free.

Passing spirit gently fled,
 Stain'd by grace divine ;
 May such grace on us be shed,
 And make our end like thine.

SONG 302. L. M.

How blest the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest !
 How mildly beams the closing eyes !
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 And naught disturbs that peace profound

OF IN THE SEA

That mocks the gazer's eye.

The mighty flood, that rolls along

Its torrents to the main,

Can ne'er recall its waters lost

From that abyss again.

So days, and years, and ages past,

Descending down to night,

Can henceforth never more return

Back to the gates of light.

O may the grave become to me

The bed of peaceful rest,

Whence I shall gladly rise at length

And mingle with the blest!

Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind

I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,

Till the appointed period come,

Which shall set me free.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

o encompass'd round with God,
e Holy and the Just,
'd with omnipotence to save,
r crush me to the dust.

how tremendous is the thought !
Deep may it be impress'd,
nd may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast !

agirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread ;
nd thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

SONG 305. C. M.

ne glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature through ;
or heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view !

he mighty whole, each smaller part
At once before thee lies ;
nd ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart



Since, therefore, I can hardly bear
What in myself I see,
How vile, how black must I appear,
Most holy God, to thee!

But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dyed in blood,
'Tis he, instead of me, is seen
When I approach to God.

Thus, though a sinner, I am safe;
He pleads before the throne
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins his own.

What wondrous love—what mysteries
In this appointment shine!
My breaches of the law are his
And his obedience mine.

Judgment.

SONG 306. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign!

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!
Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air,
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!
Lord, thy bride says by thy Spirit,
Hasten thou the gen'ral doom!
Promis'd glory to inherit,
Take thy weary pilgrims home!
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.
Yes—Amen! Let all adore thee,
High on thy exalted throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thy own,
O! come quickly!
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come!

SONG 307. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round ;
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine !
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, " This Lord is mine
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine !

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea :

RITUAL SONGS.

877

who have confessed,
serv'd the Lord below,
"Come near, you blessed,
kingdom I bestow:
for ever
love and glory know."

ows and reproaches,
s thought our courage raise!
d's great day approaches,
hall then be chang'd to praise.
ay we triumph,
the world is in a blaze!

**Christian's Hope, Rank,
Honor, and Future Glory.**

For this stupendous love of Heav'n,
What grateful honors shall we show !
Where much transgression is forgiv'n
Let love in equal ardors glow.

By this inspir'd, let all our days
With gospel holiness be crown'd ;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
In all abide, in all abound.

SONG 309. C. M.

BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
The Father has bestow'd
On us, the sons of sinful men,
To call us sons of God.

Conceal'd as yet his honor lies,
By this dark world unknown—

Christ himself is pure.

SONG 310. P. M.

Happy are they who their Saviour obey,
Have laid up their treasures above!
Cannot express the sweet comfort and
Grace

Found in the Saviour's love!

Comfort is mine, since the favor divine
I found in the blood of the Lamb:
Truth I believ'd what a joy I've receiv'd,
A heaven in Jesus' blest name!

Av'n below my Redeemer to know,
No angels can do nothing more
Fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
No lover of sinners adore!

The day long is my joy and my song:

praise
Who has died me from sin and
Whether many or few, all my years are his own,
They shall all be devoted to him.

What a mercy is this ! what a heaven of bliss !
How unspeakably happy am I !
Gather'd into the fold, with believers enroll'd—
With believers to live and to die !

SONG 311. C. M.

How happy is the Christian's state !
His sins are all forgiv'n ;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

Though in the rugged path of life
He heaves the pensive sigh ;
Trusting in his God, he finds
His path is straight and high

L. M.

e souls that see
poverty ;
them are giv'n,
hid up in heav'n.

of broken heart,
with inward smart ;
divinely flows,
all their woes.

s who thirst for grace,
for righteousness ;
supplied, and fed
as and living bread.

m of peaceful life,
glowing coals of strife ;
the heirs of bliss,

By day and night.

And meditates by night.

Green as the leaf, and ever fair,

Shall his profession shine ;

While fruits of holiness appear

Like clusters on the vine.

Not so the impious and unjust :

What vain designs they form !

Their hopes are blown away like dust,

Or chaff before the storm.

Sinners in judgment shall not stand

Among the sons of grace,

When Christ the Judge at his right hand

Appoints his saints a place.

His eyes behold the path they tread

His heart approves it well ;

And ways of sinners lead

They are of a royal line,
Children of a King;
Of immortal crowns divine,
And, lo! for joy they sing.

Why do they, then, appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?—
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not appriz'd.

But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread—
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed!

But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

Why must they shun that pleasant path

And saints and angels,
Through all eternity.

SONG 315. S. M.

ISRAEL the desert trod,
Sustain'd by pow'r divine,
While wondrous mercy mark'd the road
With many a mystic sign.

When Moses gave the stroke,
From Horeb's flinty side
Issued a river, and the rock
The Hebrew's thirst supplied

But O! what nobler themes
Does gospel grace afford!
Gleam'ry spring superior streams—
With Lord!

SONG 316. 11's.

's no name among men nor angels so
bright,
the name Jesus, the Father's delight;
by of his children, they speak of this name,
sweetly its praises in songs they proclaim.

All Christian churches this name is ador'd,
their shield and glory, with cheerful accord;
and there 'tis declar'd the help of distress'd,
The hope of the hopeless, and ease of oppress'd.

The church of the first-born, with angels of light,
Shall sound forth its praises with endless delight;
But fully unfolded it can be by none,
Save Jesus among them, the Father's own Son.

SONG 317. C. M.

On London's stormy banks I stand

All o'er these wide, extended plains,
Shines one eternal day ;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest !
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest !

Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me ro.
Fearless I'd launch away.

wn are safe w you,
r friend, am there.

come when ages close,
home with me ;
e meet to part no more,
ows ne'er shall be.

y, the Truth, the Life ;
human race,
I conduct and guide,
my Father's face.

NG 319. C. M

fountain fill'd with blood,
rom Immanuel's veins ;
with that flood

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

r since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
redeeming love has been thy theme
And shall be till I die.

And when this lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.

SONG 320. P. M.

LET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list her heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Thy dear divine
Thy throne,

Father, lives ;
 shall reign ;
 while he survives,
 promise vain :
 ends secure,
 endless years endure
 divinely bright,
 appear,
 shall shine in light,
 age bear :
 appointed day—
 ste, and come away !

21. L. M.

known in heav'n

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

3 the song—the heav'nly plain
ken with the choral strain;
ying echoes, floating far,
music from each chiming star.

I amid your choirs shall shine,
I all your knowledge shall be mine;
I on your harps must lean to hear
secret chord that mine shall bear.

SONG 322. C. M.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eye the Prince of Peace
helpless grief:
ing love!)

assist our mighty joys;
 As all your harps of gold;
 When you raise your highest notes
 Your love can ne'er be told.

SONG 323. C. M.

Prais'd be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord;
 For his abounding mercy prais'd,
 His majesty ador'd.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
 And call'd him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope
 That they should never die.

Man's sin requires

SONG 324. P. M.

WHEN the King of kings comes,
When the Lord of lords comes;
We shall have a joyful day,

When the King of kings comes:
To see the nations broken down,
And kingdoms once of great renown,
And saints now suff'ring wear the crown,
When the King of kings comes.

When the trump of God calls,
When the last of foes falls;
We shall have a joyful day,

When the King of kings comes:
To see the saints rais'd from the dead
And all together gathered,
And made like to their glorious Head,
When the King of kings comes.

the foe's distress comes,
the last comes;

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

**The sons of God well known,
otless to their Father shown,
Jesus all his brethren own,
When the King of kings comes.**

**n the Lord of heav'n comes,
n the host of heav'n comes ;
shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes
ee the righteous cause prevail,
all debates decided well,
all mouths stopp'd which liēs do
When the King of kings comes.**

**n our Lord in clouds comes,
n he with great power comes ;
shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes
ee all things by him restor'd,
God himself alone ador'd
all the saints with one accord,
When the King of kings comes**



FOR TRUTH, -
Shout vict'ry now, and hail -
And bow before the great I AM.

While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss for ever new
Rise in succession to their view.

Here Mary and Manasseh view,
The dying thief, and Abrah'm too ;
With equal love their spirits flame,
The same their joy, their song the sam

O sweet employ to sing and trace
'Th' amazing heights and depths of grace
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity!

— not exalted song.

SONG 326. C. M.

At a glorious sight appears
 Our admiring eyes!
 Former seas have pass'd away,
 The former earth and skies.

From heav'n the New Jerus'lem comes,
 All worthy of its Lord;
 See all things now at last renew'd,
 And Paradise restor'd.

Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing;
 Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King!

The God of glory down to men
 Removes his blest abode;
 He dwells with men; his people they,
 And he his people's God.

His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
 From ev'ry weeping eye;
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
 fears.

SONG 327. C. M.

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.
Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing;
— day, by night, the sacred courts
— hosannas ring.

— more.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

327

Mountains green he'll lead his flock,
And living streams appear;
And the Lord from ev'ry eye
All wipe off ev'ry tear.

SONG 328. . L. M.

My Christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweet union prove;
Your friendship's like the strongest band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

Your presence' sweet, our union dear,
What joys we feel together here!
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

How sweet the hours have pass'd away.

A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

O blessed day ! O glorious hope !
My soul rejoices at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

SONG 329. C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Celestial land ! could our weak eyes

te night is known,
nt sickly ray ;
he sacred throne
asting day.

330. C. M.

of pure delight,
in glory reign :
udes the night,
s banish pain.

g spring abides,
th'ring flow'rs :
rrow sea, divides
land from ours.

ond the swelling flood
in living green ;
old Canaan stood,
roll'd between.

ortals start and shrink
narrow sea ;
r'ring on the brink,
launch away.

where Moses stood,
e landscape o'er,
tream nor death's cold

s from the shore.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 O how I long for thee!
 When will my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

Thy walls are all of precious stones,
 Most glorious to behold!
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
 My study long have been;
 Such sparkling gems by human sight
 Have never yet been seen.

If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence?
 What folly 'tis that I should dread
 To go and go from hence!

for Christian Children.

SONG 332. C. M.

the child whose tender years
give instruction well,
ates the sinner's path, and fears
road that leads to hell.

save us from a thousand snares
and religion young,
will preserve our foll'wing years,
make our virtues strong.

e, Almighty God, to thee
childhood we resign;
please us to look back and see
our whole lives were thine.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things;
Useful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

Loves to be remember'd thus,
And honor'd for his grace;
Out of the mouth of babes like us,
His wisdom perfects praise.

Glory to God, and praise, and pow'r,
Honor and thanks be giv'n!
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heav'n.

SONG 334. S. M.

HAIL, gracious, heav'nly Prince!
To thee let children fly:
And on thy kindest providence
O may we all rely.

will take the young
special care;

forget
ys on earth :
r cease our praise
er's birth.

35. C. M.

day is gone,
ker's praise ;
hour make known
and grace.

wn to sleep ;
d my head ;
hours of darkness keep
und my bed.

rt I close my eyes,
not remove ;
ng let me rise,
7 love.

36. L. M.

book indeed !
hat loves to read !
rd, which he has giv'n
the way to heav'n !



It tells us how the world was made ;
And how good men the Lord obey'd ;
Here his commands are written, too,
To teach us what we ought to do.

It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die :
It points to heav'n, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

But, what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us Jesus died !
This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

Be thankful, children, that you may
Read this good Bible ev'ry day ;
'Tis God's own word, which he has gi'
To show your souls the way to heav'n



Now he is not here below,
On his heavenly hill,
Am may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

Well pleas'd that little flock to see,
The Saviour kindly smil'd ;
O, then, he will not frown on me,
Because I am a child.

For, as so many years ago,
Poor babes his pity drew,
I'm sure he will not let me go
Without a blessing too.

Then, while this favor to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessings pour,
Jesus, on my head !

But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

SONG 339. C. M.

CHILDREN of old hosannas sang
To praise the Saviour's name;
We too would join our infant song,
To celebrate his fame.

Chief priests and scribes were sore dis-
pleas'd
That children thus should sing;
But Jesus own'd their early praise,
And we our praises bring.

We bless the Lord for all his gifts
For life, and food, and friends:

We bless him for the word of life,
The choicest gift he sends.

learn to know,

and, who to his righteous laws
 still obedient been !
 have with fervent, humble zeal
 favor sought to win !

men their utmost caution use
 shun each wicked deed ;
 on the path which he directs
 with constant care proceed.

and strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
 to learn thy sacred will !
 all our diligence employ
 by statutes to fulfil.

when that thy most holy will
 fight o'er my ways preside,
 and I the course of all my life
 by thy direction guide.

should I walk,

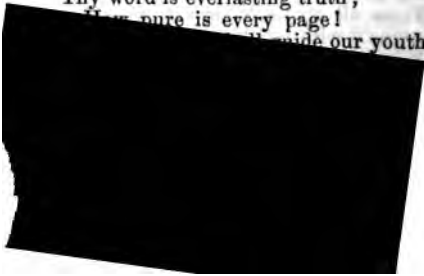
SONG 341. C. M.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy precepts make us truly wise;
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise
But love thy law, O God.

Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
How wide our youth



SPIRITUAL SONGS.

thy soul, before its powers
yet by vice enslav'd,
y Creator's glorious name
l character engrav'd;—

et the shades of sorrow cloud
sunshine of thy days,
ares and toils, in endless round
compass all thy ways;—

et thy heart the woes of age,
th vain regret, deplore,
sadly muse on former joys,
at now return no more.

wisdom, early sought and gain
age will give thee rest;
n, improve the morn of life,
make its evening blest.



By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

SONG 344. C. M.

How happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

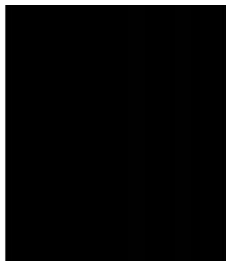
She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
In knowledge's way she bestows

AFRITUAL SONGS.

ONG 345. 7's and 6

Remember thy Creator,"
youth's fair spring is
thy cares are greater,
comes age's night;
at the sun shines o'er th
stars the darkness ohe
is all before thee,
great Creator fear.

Remember thy Creator,"
e resigns its trust,
s dissolving nature,
ust returns to dust;
ith God, who gave it,
irit shall appear:
who died to save it,
great Creator fear."



Thou art gone to the grave, and we no longer
deplore thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
side :
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
thee,
And this is our hope since the Saviour has died.
Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong
to deplore thee,
When Christ was thy ransom, thy guardian,
and guide ;
He bought thee, he took thee, and soon will
restore thee,
Where death has no power, since thy Saviour
has died.

SONG 347. S. M.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?

SP.

SON

O for a heart
A heart from
A heart that a
So freely sh

A heart resign
My great Re
Where only Ch
Where Jesus

O for a lowly, c
Confiding, tr
Which neither l
From him the

A heart in ev'ry
And full of lo
Perfect and righ
A copy, Lord,

Thy presence, gr
Direct



This world is a ...

This world is not my home.

**To Jesus Christ I sought for rest ;
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for refuge to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.**

**When by affliction sorely tried
I view the open'd tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling
Yet still I sigh for home.**

SONG 350. C. M.

**WHILE thee I seek, protecting Po
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour,
With better hopes be fill'd.**

— Have the pow'r of thought !

joy that crowns my days,
Every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
I seek relief in pray'r.
My lifted eyes, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see,
My steadfast heart, without a fear,
Shall find repose in thee.

SONG 351. L. M.

God from the dead has rais'd his Son;
Death and the pow'rs of hell are spoil'd;
Justice declares the work is done,
And God and man are reconcil'd.
Christians, for whom the Lord was slain,
Give to his name the glory due;
O let his love your hearts constrain
To live for him who died for you.
Earth's empty toys no more esteem,
Your minds from worldly thoughts re-
move;
Let your affections rise with him,
And set your hearts on things above.

10
We gladly come for thee

For this we wait upon thee, Lord
For this we listen to thy word ;
Descend like gentle show'rs of rain
Nor let our souls attend in vain.

SONG 353. 8's and 6's

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wand'ers given ;
There is a tear for souls distress'd
A balm for ev'ry wounded breast
'Tis found above—in heav'n.

There is a home for weary souls
By sins and sorrows driven ;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous sea
By winds and oceaniven ;

fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
joys supreme are given ;
rays divine disperse the gloom ;
and the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn—of heav'n.

SONG 354. 7's.

HAIL the day that saw him rise,
Ravish'd from his people's eyes ;
Christ, a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n.
There the splendid triumph waits—
" Lift your heads, you heav'nly gates ;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in."

He, whom highest heav'n receives,
Ever loves the friends he leaves ;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls his saints his own ;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads ;
Near himself prepares a place,



Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Looking when the Lord shall come,
Longing, reaching after home ;
There for ever to remain,
Partners of thy endless reign ;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

SONG 355. C. M.

MISTAKEN souls ! that dream of he:
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

As of all, we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd,
At present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.

For ever hallow'd be thy name
By all beneath the skies;
And let thy kingdom still advance
Till grace to glory rise.

A grateful homage let us yield,
With hearts resign'd to thee;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still;
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented with thy will.

Our sins before thee we confess;
O may we be forgiv'n!
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from heav'n!

For thine the pow'r, the kingdom ~~will~~
All glory's due to thee ;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

SONG 357. 7's.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.
Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know
This for sin could not atone ;
—and thou alone :

SONG 358. L. M.

Thoughtless thousands choose the road
Leads the soul away from God ;
Happiness, blest Lord, be mine,
And die entirely thine.

Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
Thine my life, my all receive ;
And devote my fleeting hours,
Thine alone with all my pow'rs.

Thou art my everlasting all ;
When I look, on him I call ;
All my ev'ry want supply
Now and through eternity.

Will the Lord, my life, appear ;
Shall I end my trials here ;
Sin and sorrow, death and pain ;
He is Christ, to die is gain.

SONG 359. C. M.

Brethren, come, draw near to God,
His songs of sacred praise ;
His love is good, immensely good,
His ways are all his ways.

The wonder of his love
He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness know
In its diviner forms.

SONG 360. C. M.

My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all;
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

Were I possessor of the earth,

SPIRITUAL SONG

God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high
His own hand presents
To mine aspiring eye.

A cloud of witnesses around
Holds thee in full survey
Forget the steps already trod
And onward urge thy way
Blest Saviour, introduced here
Have we our race begun
And crown'd with vict'ry,
We'll lay our honors down

SONG 362.

GREAT God, where'er we pi
Let us an altar raise ;
And there, with humble faith
Our sacrifice of praise.

To thee we give our health
While health and strength
For future mercies humbly
Nor e'er forget the past.

SONG 363.

THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinner's
Amidst their counsels never
Nor takes the scorner's

ut makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Throughout the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near its root,
Fresh as a leaf his name shall live;
His works are heav'nly fruit.

Not so th' ungodly men ;
They no such blessings find ;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff,
Before the driving wind.

How will they bear to stand
Before the judgment seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet ?

He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go,
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.



ACTUAL SONGS.

ious scenes of joy
rst upon our sight;
/ pain, and tear and sigh,
own'd in endless night.

ch thy balmy wing,
Sun of Righteousness!
happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In ev'ning shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.

How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

Outlasts the fleeting
O what eternal horrors hang
Around that awful death !

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

SONG 366. L. M.

HOSANNA to the Church's Head,
Who suffer'd in our room and stead !
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then immers'd in sweat and blood !

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood ;
How plain he mark'd the humble way
Through the mystic flood.

SONG 367. L. M.

God! on thee we call,
 That original of all!
 Though thee we are, to thee we tend,
 Are support, our glorious end.

Praise thy wise, mysterious grace,
 That pitied our revolted race,
 And Jesus, our great cov'nant head,
 The Captain of salvation made.

Thy justice doom'd that he should die,
 Who for our sins would satisfy;
 His death was therefore fix'd of old,
 And in thy word of truth foretold.

A scene of wonders here we see,
 Worthy thy Son, and worthy thee:
 And while this theme employs our tongues,

THE GOSPEL

And a new stage
A kingdom which shall ne'er
But shall outlast the circling sun

A new account of time begins ;
Now our dear Lord resumes his b
Charg'd with our sorrows and our
Our lives to ransom by his death

Once he was dead, but now he reigns
He lives, he lives, he lives again
Let's tell our joys in pious strains,
And spread the glory of his name

SONG 369. L. M.

Not all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth
Can claim

SPIRITUAL SONGS

**Their daily wants his hand
Their steps he guards with
Leads them from earth to
And crowns them with eter**

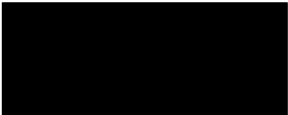
**If I've the honor, Lord, to
One of this num'rous fam
On me the gracious gift be
To call thee Abba, Father**

**So may my conduct ever
My filial piety and love
Whilst all my brethren cl
Their Father's likeness in**

SONG 370.

**'Tis religion that can gi
Sweetest pleasure while v
'Tis religion must suppl
Solid comfort when we c**

**After death, its joys wil
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my frie
Then my bliss shall never**



SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid in Christ your God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.

As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

SONG 372. C. M.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
Thy works, by all beheld,
Thy glories shine.

SONGS.

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able sons
word,
lav'd, become
Lord ?

r'd heathen tribes,
race,
nuel's feet,
his grace ?

y, and transform
s ;
umb,
re !

effort, made
d rays,
molish'd thrones
peace !

Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders his dreadful name !
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.

In all his doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs,
In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd,
His love supremely shines.

Angels and men the news proclaim,
Through earth and heav'n above,
The joyful and transporting news,
That God, the Lord, is love !

SONG 374. C. M.

LORD, in thy presence here we meet ;
May we in thee be found !

SONG 375. C. M.

How vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair ;
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

AL SONGS.

creature's love,
strikes the sense!
affections move,
all them thence.
thy beauties be
naal food;
nand my heart awa
ted good.

3 376. 11's.

chariot! its wheels ro
th down in the pomp
it drives on its pathway
s with the burden of
l.

glory! around him a
the angels that wait on
d saints, and the marty
who the palm-wreath

Looking in his gracious eye.

Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

May we still enjoy this feeling,
Still to our Redeemer go,
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more truly know,
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
From the dying sinner's friend.

SONG 378. L. M.

We've no abiding city here :
This may distress the worldling's mind ;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

We've no abiding city here ;
Sad truth were this to be our home ;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here :
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

We've no abiding city here :
We seek a city out of sight ;
Zion its name ; we'll soon be there ;
It shines with everlasting light.

Zion ! Jehovah is her strength !
Secure she smiles at all her foes ;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

O sweet abode of peace and love !
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest :

ONG 379. 7th.

One is roll'd away ;
 Holds up his mighty prey ;
 Rising from the tomb,
 As all its fearful gloom.

Prize him, ye celestial choirs,
 Raise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
 Praise him in the noblest songs,
 In ten thousand thousand tongues.

Every note with rapture swell,
 And the Saviour's triumphs tell ;
 Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?
 Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king ?

Let Immanuel be ador'd,
 Mediator, Lord !

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb!
But the children shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

SONG 381. 6's and 8's.

To God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
*For God doth prove our constant friend,
His boundless love shall never end.*
To Him whose wondrous power

SPIRITUAL SONG

Through heav'n he does dis-
His num'rous hosts of li-
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by n-

He does the food supply
On which all creatures li-
To God who reigns on high
Eternal praises give:
For God doth prove our cor-
His boundless love shall nei-

SONG 382. 6's

God struck the first-born d-
Of Egypt's stubborn lan-
And thence his people le-
With his resistless han-
For God doth prove our cor-
His boundless love shall nei-

By him the raging sea,
As if in pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle way,



SPIRITUAL SONGS.

rough deserts vast and wild
He led the chosen seed;
And famous princes foll'd,
And made great monarchs bleed.
Sihon, whose potent hand
Great Ammon's sceptre sway'd;
And Og, whose stern command
Rich Bashan's land obey'd.
And, of his wondrous grace,
Their lands whom he destroy'd
He gave to Israel's race,
To be by them enjoy'd.
He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favor thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought:
*For God doth prove our constant friend,
His boundless love shall never end.*

SONG 383. C. M.

O THOU my light, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all!
Thy goodness can come,

outstretch'd and pow'rful arm
 ds me in the way;
 y rich bounty well supplies
 , wants of ev'ry day.

such compassion, O my God!
 fen thousand thanks are due;
 or such compassion I esteem
 Ten thousand thanks too few.

SONG 384. L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing my great Redeemer's praise;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving kindness, O how free!
 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,

Soon shall I
Soon all my mortal part
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death!

Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies!

SONG 385. 9's and 8's.

THERE is a place where my hopes are
stay'd,

My heart and my treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

That blissful place is my father-land
By faith its delights I explore;
Come, favor my flight, angelic band
And waft me in peace to the shore
Where the angels dwell;

SPIRITUAL SONG

a place where I hope
A life and its labors are
Which the Lord to me
And there I shall sorrow no more
That bliss

SONG 386. L.

ANNA to King David's Son
Who reigns on a superior throne
Bless the Prince of heaven
Who brings salvation down
Ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
His delightful work engage
Men and babes in Zion sing
Of growing glories of her King

SONG 387. P

Among the mountain trees
The winds were whispering



SPIRITUAL SONGS.

fitful starlight shone
A dim and misty gleams,
Up was his agonizing groan,
And large the vital streams
That trickled to the dewy sod
While Jesus rais'd his voice to God.
He chosen three that stay'd
Their nightly watch to keep,
Left him through sorrows deep to wade,
And gave themselves to sleep :
Meekly and sad he pray'd alone ;
Strangely forgotten by his own.
Along the streamlet's banks
The reckless traitor came,
And heavy on his bosom sank
The load of guilt and shame ;
Yet unto them that waited nigh
He gave the Lamb of God to die.
Among the mountain trees
Where winds were whispering low,
And harmonies

by death and sleeping brethren,
with pow'r prevailing, came;
follow'd darkness, shame, and
death.

Jesus, O amazing grace!
assum'd our nature as his own,
obey'd, and suffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.
Now what is man when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood!
Again a life divine he feels,
Despises earth and walks with God.
And what, in yonder realms above,
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be!
With honor, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.
Nearest the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujah's raise;
While wand'ring angels round him throng
And swell the chorus of his praise.

SONG 389. 11's.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft
beam;
And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
How damp were the vapors that fell on his head

The theme meet
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.
Come saints, and adore him; come bow at his feet
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies

SONG 390. C. M.

I sing th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

- -

There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

In heav'n he shines with beams of love ;
With wrath in hell beneath !
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard :
He keeps me with his eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh.

My soul would
Fly fearless through death -
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there

SONG 392. L. M.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell;
If I have faith the world remove,

SPIRITUAL SONGS

SONG 393.

WHEN marshall'd on the n
The glitt'ring host bestu
One star alone, of all the t
Can fix the sinner's wan

Hark! hark! to God the c
From ev'ry host, from e
But one alone the Saviour
It is the Star of Bethleh

Once on the raging seas I
The storm was loud, the r
The ocean yawn'd, and ruc
The wind that toss'd my fo

Deep horror then my vital
Death-struck, I ceas'd th



SONG 30

How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed place, by Heav'n's decree,
Receives us all at last.

There servants, masters, small and great
Partake the same repose ;
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

All, levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them for
To meet their final doom.

O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce me
With blessings on my head.

Refuge have I none,
Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
O leave me not alone,
Boundless love in thee I find;
Thou art full of love and grace.
All support and comfort me :
Plenteous grace with thee is found,
my trust on thee is stay'd,
Grace to pardon all my sin :
All my help from thee I bring,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;
Over my defenceless head
Prince of Peace and Righteousness ;
Thou art full of love and grace.
Just and holy is thy name,
Most unworthy, Lord, I am,
Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin :

Call, while he may be found;
O seek him while he's near!
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry,
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.

But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heav'n,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiv'n.

SONG 397. C. M.

Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
Till Christ we know,

RITUAL SONGS.

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place where I hope to live
life and its labors are o'er,
which the Lord to me will give,
then I shall sorrow no more.
That blissful place, &c.

SONG 386. L. M.

UNNA to King David's Son,
reigns on a superior throne;
bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
who brings salvation down to earth!
ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
this delightful work engage,
all men and babes in Zion sing
the growing glories of her King.

SONG 387. P. M.

Assume my mild and easy yoke,
And by obedience prove
Your heart's devotion to my cause,
Your gratitude and love.

In meekness strive to do my will,
All other teachers flee ;
Lay ev'ry earthly trust aside,
And learn alone of me.

The stores of wisdom all are mine,
And to each trustful heart,
Treasures of knowledge, deep and pure,
I gladly will impart.

I am of meek and lowly heart,
And those who follow me
Must cast all lofty pride away,
And learn humility.

Through life, then, humbly follow on ;
In death, lean on my breast ;

RITUAL SONGS.

the globe; he built the sk
he shining worlds on high,
his complete in glory there
are majesty and light;
ties, how divinely bright!
mple, how divinely fair!

the great day, the glorious hou
rth shall feel his saving pow
arbo'rous nations fear his nar
all the race of men confess
nty of his holiness,
n his courts his grace procla:

SONG 401. L. M.

ED at thy great command,



Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wand'ring spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

SONG 402. 7's and 6's.

O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!

How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her wall again.

Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;

Release the fetter'd heart

departed light return ;
splendor round them burn ;
strate Judah's ruins raise
temple to thy praise.

SONG 404. S. M.

O, send thy servants forth
to call the Hebrews home ;
from east and west, from south and north,
Let all the wand'ers come.
Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid ev'ry creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.
An off'ring to the Lord,
That all be seen,
And with blood,

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

and times obey his voice ;
ning and the morn rejoice
e the earth made soft with show'rs,
ch'd with fruit, and dress'd in flow'rs.
y works pronounce thy pow'r divine ;
all the earth thy glories shine ;
rough ev'ry month thy gifts appear ;
reat God, thy goodness crowns the year.

SONG 406. 7's.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song ;
Praises to our God belong ;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heav'nly King.
Blessings from his lib'ral hand
around this happy land :
no foes annoy ;
we enjoy.

Land, heart, and voice ;
Valleys smile and sing,
Hill and mountains ring,
And plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Let us, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth ;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

The God of harvest praise ;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord ;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

SONG 408. C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move
Proclaim thy constant care.

Thy goodness
And sent the early rain.
The spring's sweet influence, Lord,
thine ;
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And gav'st refreshing dew.
These various mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
We own and bless thy gracious
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor
Summer nor winter, fails.

SONG 409. C. M.

from whom our blessing
comes.

Dr'ring on a strand unknown,
 Gnass and distress,
 Her's look'd to God alone,
 Save, protect, and bless.

Thou our nation's strength and shield,
 In manhood as in youth;
 Mine arm for our protection wield,
 And guide us by thy truth.

SONG 410. C. M.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
 Of ev'ry clime and coast,
 O hear us for our native land,—
 The land we love the most.

O guard our shores from ev'ry foe

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SPIRITUAL SONGS.

SONG 411. L. M.

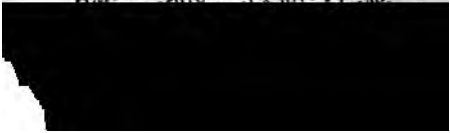
LORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
Till sav'd by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

Let ev'ry public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let ev'ry peaceful, private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.
Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

SONG 412. C. M.

WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing
Nature's cheerful voice;
How the lovely spring,



to praise, I then shall join
nature's cheerful song,
Love and gratitude divine
Tune my joyful tongue.

SONG 413. C. M.

WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the op'ning year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
What prospects bright appear!

Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their off'ring raise.

The streams, all beautiful and bright,

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

SONG 414. 8's and 7's.

As the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground,
Hus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,—
"Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty beaming,
Number'd now among the dead.

"What though yet no losses grieve you,—
Gay with health and many a grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place."

On the tree of life eternal
Let your highest hopes be stay'd:
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

SONG 415. C. M.

STERN Winter throws his icy chains,
And ling'ring nature round;
Unfetterless the plain
And d

ful sun, and bring
 iving ray:
 winter shall be spring,
 nness cheerful day.

tate! divine abode,
 spring eternal reigns,
 ffect day, the smile of God,
 all the heav'nly plains.

Source of light, thy beams display
 y drooping joys restore,
 d guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

SONG 416. C. M.

AND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.

Much of my hasty life is gone,
 Nor will return again:

And swift my passing moments run

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

old, another year begins;
et out afresh for heav'n;
k pardon for thy former sins,
in Christ so freely giv'n.

devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

SONG 417. 5's, and 12's.

Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master ap-
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
And our talents improve
And our talents improve

O that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
finish'd the work thou didst give
me to do;"
O that each from his Lord,
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
unto my joy, and sit down on my
throne."

SONG 418. L. M.

God, we sing that mighty hand
Which supported still we stand:
'ning year thy mercy shows;
thy crown it till it close.

By night, at home, abroad,
We are guarded by our God:
incessant bounty fed,
unerring counsel led.

Grateful hearts the past we own;
None—all to us unknown—
thy guardian care commit,
peaceful leave before thy feet.

Not exalted or depress'd,
In our joy, and thou our rest;
Firmness all our hopes shall raise,
Through all our changing days.

is.

earthly songs,
tongues,
n we trust,
uls shall boast.

C. M.

our life!
affairs!
inly strive
years.

ntlessly along,
t's stay;
a song,
away.

invites us home;
needless on,
ng to the tomb,

A span is all that we can boast;
How short the fleeting time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

What can I wish, or wait for then,
From creatures—earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

SONG 421. S. M.

OUR fathers! where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares,
Their wealth and honor, gone!

But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

Of all the sainted dead,
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

SONG 422. S. M.

O WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
Of truth and grace,
Death to shun

SONG 423. C. M.

eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
nor sense nor reason known,
joys the Father has prepar'd
for those that love his Son.

The good Spirit of the Lord
reveals a heaven to come;
beams of glory in his word
illuminate and guide us home.

There are the joys above the sky,
and all the region peace:
neither can tongue nor envious eye
perceive or taste the bliss.

The holy gates for ever bar
rebellion, sin and shame;
none shall gain admittance there
but followers of the Lamb.

SONG 424. C. M.

There is a world of perfect bliss
above the starry skies;
press'd with sorrows and with sins,
neither lift my eyes.

Here the weary are at rest,
and all is peace within;
sorrow, with guilt no more oppress;
tranquil and serene.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

cord and strife are banish'd thence,
Distrust and slavish fear ;
O more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.
arewell to earth and earthly things :
In vain they tempt my stay ;
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away.

SONG 425. C. M.

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart ;
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.
Then to the shining realms of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of Paradise
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Sing immortal songs,
His name



SONG 426. C. M.

'HERE is an hour of hallow'd peace
For those with care oppress'd,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall
cease,
And all be hush'd to rest.

'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy ;
'hen they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

'here is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more ;
'he stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

'here purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
'here they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy

SONG 427. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

'Es, we trust the day is breaking :
Joyful times are near at hand ;
od, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in ev'ry land ;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Ev'ry language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

O 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlight'ning
Who in death and darkness lay.

God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in ev'ry land:
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

ht been long and mournful?
 y friends unfaithful prov'd?
 foes been proud and scornful,
 sighs and tears unmov'd?
 Cease thy mourning;
 still is well belov'd.

thy God, will now restore thee;
 e himself appears thy Friend;
 thy foes shall flee before thee;
 ere their boasts and triumphs end:

Great deliv'rance
 ion's King will surely send.

ce and joy shall now attend thee;
 ll thy warfare now be past;
 thy Saviour will defend thee;
 ictory is thine at last;

All thy conflicts

Onward speed thy conq'ring flight;
Angel, onward haste;
Quickly on each mountain's height
Be thy standard plac'd;
Let thy blissful tidings float
Far o'er vale and hill,
Till the sweetly-echoing note
Every bosom thrill.

Onward speed thy conq'ring flight;
Angel, onward fly;
Long has been the reign of night;
Bring the morning nigh:
'Tis to thee the heathen lift
Their imploring wail;
Bear them Heaven's holy gift,
Ere their patience fail.

Onward speed thy conq'ring flight;
Angel, onward speed;

Morning bursts upon our sight—
Time decreed:

and waft them
 destin'd shore,
 ay sit in darkness
 h's deep shade no more.

ernal Ruler,
 holdest in thine arm
 npests of the ocean,
 tect them from all harm.

o thy presence with them,
 Wherever they may be;
 hough far from us who love them,
 O be they still with thee!

SONG 431. C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Let, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only trust;
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.

SONG 432. S. M.

ALL you that have confess'd
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 And to his people join'd yourselves,
 According to his word:—

In Zion you must dwell,
 Her altar ne'er forsake;
 Must come to all her solemn feasts,
 Of all her joys partake.

She must employ your thoughts,
 And your unceasing care;
 And your constant wish,

In all
 With
 Be fai
 To

A

I

I

ways
steps move;
th, and then
him above.

3. C. M.

ow sweet the sound!)
oh like me!
now am found;
ow I see.

ers, toils, and snares,
ne;
ght me safe thus far,
ad me home.

s'd good to me,
e secures;

Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
Grace led our wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.
Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

SONG 435. L. M.

HAIL! morning known among the blest !
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Peace and holy rest ;
Rest above.

look'd down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead;
He mark'd his bright ascent on high,
And hope with gladness rais'd her head.

God's goodness let us bear in mind,
Who to his saints this day has giv'n,
For rest and serious joy design'd,
To fit us for the bliss of heav'n.

SONG 436. C. M.

In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, you much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,

SONG 437. 8's and 6's.

COME, let us sing the coming fate
Of mystic Babylon the Great—
Her doom is drawing near:
Jesus now comes on earth to reign,
His cause and people to maintain—
For them he'll soon appear.

Before him flows a fiery stream,
The heav'ns above with lightnings gleam,
A thousand thunders roar:
A heav'nly host with him descends,
His voice to all the earth extends,
His saints now grieve no more.

...d by glory so divine,

...stars refuse to shine,

day of recompense has come,
people all are gath'ring home,
With joy they hear his voice:
The promis'd curse, the threaten'd woes
Combin'd, now fall upon his foes,
The martyrs all rejoice.

She who the Twelve Apostles griev'd,
And by her sorceries deceiv'd
All nations of the world,
Now looks with anguish at their bliss,
Then sinks into the vast abyss,
To endless ruin hurl'd.

The living saints, and all the dead,
Now gather round their glorious head
And reign with him below,
In the bliss of perfect peace,
In the presence of his face.

SONG 438. 8's, and 4's.

HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the earth the echo bounds!
For Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God;
And guides them safely by his word,
To endless day.

Hail! all victorious, conq'ring Lord!
Be thou by all thy works ador'd!
Who undertook for sinful men,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might ever reign
In endless day.

Fight on, you conq'ring souls, fight on
Until the conquest you have won!
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear
In endless day.

et chorus join,
hine

SONG 439. C. M.

He who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The Lord of glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of nature guide
With sure, unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sov'reign will.

While harps unnumber'd sound his praise
In yonder worlds above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

... which his pilgrims go

SONG 440. 8's.

How shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?

His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace—
No—this is a secret unknown.

In him all the fulness of God
For ever transcendently shines!
Though once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs.

Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free.

He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
Here's pardon, here's grace — yea, and
more,
Here's glory eternal at last.

SONG 441. C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd:
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

But when I see thee
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath,
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

SONG 442. C. M.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night,
Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day
And guide us by thine arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Thou preserv'st from harm.

SONG 443. *6 times 8.*

**I praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
And days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
And immortality endures.**

**Copy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their treasures;
Truth for ever stands secure :
Saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.**

**Lord pours eyesight on the blind :
Lord supports the fainting mind**



O LOVE divine, how sweet
When shall I find my way
All taken up in the
O may I daily live to part
The sweetness of redeem
The love of Christ

God only knows the love
O may it now be shed abroad
To cheer my fainting
I want to feel that love
This heav'nly portion, Lord
Be mine this better

O that I could for ever
With Mary at the Master
Be this my happy lot
My only care, delight, and
My joy, my heav'n on earth
To hear the bridegroom

SONG 445. L. M.

Lord of lords and King of kings
 realms of bliss exalted reigns ;
 who can touch the trembling strings,
 And hymn his praise with equal strains?

he grandeur of his works may show,
 In beams of lasting, heav'nly light,
 'o all who love their radiant glow,
 The wisdom of his boundless might.

But, Zion, on thy portals fair,
 His wondrous name resplendent shines,
 And ev'ry child of wisdom there
 Shall read it in the clearest lines.

learn that God is love!
 and his

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

the crown of life, the harp of gold,
And palm of vict'ry, all proclaim,
That nobler songs shall yet unfold
The glories of Jehovah's name.

SONG 446. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heav'n
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless



SONG 447. 7's and 8's.

THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where peace and joy for ever roll ;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray ;
But since the Saviour found me,
A lamp has shone along my way.

My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God,
And like a faithful soldier,
I'll march along the heav'nly road :
Now I must gird my sword on,
My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,
And fight the host of Satan,
Until I reach the heav'nly field.

Jordan shall not affright me,
Although 'tis deeper than the grave ;
If Jesus stand beside me,
I'll smoothly ride upon its wave.
His word has calm'd the ocean,
His word has cheer'd the gloomy vale
O may this friend be with me
When through the gates of death I

AL SONGS.

His trumpet
 globe from pole to pole,
 is of nature
 rent cease to roll ;
 e the Saviour
 ranks of angels come,
 engeance,
 ransom'd people home.

448. 8's and 6's.

an they did betray ;
 mn'd, and led away,
 soul, on that dread day,
 Mount Calvary ;
 lamb-like, led along
 by a wicked throng,
 ev'ry lying tongue,
 ne Lamb of God they hung
 the shameful tree.

g between the earth and skies,
 a agony he dies ;
 hear his mournful cries,
 hear his mournful pain !

All glo
 Who re
 Who s
 G
 While
 O Zion
 I hope
 In fla
 V

Mr G
 That
 Alone
 While
 No n
 One
 But
 The

Jesu
 And
 Thr
 O b

be to God on high;
gns enthron'd above the sky;
at his Son to bleed and die,
ry to him be giv'n:
heav'n above his praise resounds,
sing—his grace abounds;
to shout eternal rounds,
sing love that knows no bounds,
hen glorified in heav'n.

SONG 449. L. M.

od, my heart with love inflame,
I may in thy holy name
in songs of praise rejoice,
I have breath to raise my voice.

let my ungrateful heart
depart:

SONG 450. L. M.

'Tis darkness here, but Jesus smiles,
His presence ev'ry pain beguiles;
He has the wine that cheers the soul,
The oil that makes the wounded whole
While silence reigns as in the tomb,
And midnight spreads her deepest gloom,
Come let our tongues an anthem raise
And sing our great Physician's praise
Though fast our feet within these streets
Our hands secur'd with num'rous locks
No iron chains our thoughts can bind
There are no fetters for the mind.
Though we are bound, the word is
Truth cannot imprison'd be;
It visit ev'ry land,
And all with



SPIRITUAL SONGS.

49

O—'tis our choice to bear his cross ;
For him all things we count but loss ;
For joy, for him to suffer shame ;
For honor, still to bear his name.

His smile from him all pain repays,
His word of peace all grief allays ;
With him in glory to appear
Will compensate our sufferings here.

His presence now this prison cheers,
Relieves our pains, dispels our fears ;
His presence, then, our heads will crown
With endless glory and renown.

SONG 451. 8's and 7's.

BY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

SONG 452. P. M.

Who has our report believed?
Shiloh come is not received,
Not received by his own;
Promis'd branch from root of Jesse,
David's offspring sent to bless you,
Comes too lowly to be known.

Tell me, O you favor'd nation!
What is your fond expectation—
Some fair-spreading, lofty tree?
Let not worldly pride confound you;
'Mong the lowly plants around you,
Mark the lowest—that is he!

Like a tender plant that's growing,
Whose waters friendly flowing,
Refresh the ground;
So let him, who is lowly,



SPIRITUAL SONGS

To deceit his mouth had spol
Blameless—he no law had br

Yet was number'd with t
or, because the Lord would
ou who saw it did believe h
For his own offences cur

ut while him your thoughts
le for our offence was bruise

Yes, for us the victim bl
With his stripes our wounds :
y his pains our peace secur
Purchas'd with the blood

eath our portion, slaves in s
e redeem'd us by his merit

To a glorious liberty :
early first his goodness bou
with and love then sweetly



SONG 453. 11's and 8's.

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy
To feed on the pastures of love? [sheep
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

You daughters of Zion, declare have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he is gone?

This is my beloved; his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

*His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.*

His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow
That water the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

Love sits on his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

SONG 454. 12's and 11's.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections and innocent joy,
With parental advice and affection
With peace from

Our hymn of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,

All warm from the heart of the family band,
Has rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling

Describ'd in the Bible that lay on the stand :
The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more,

In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far-distant shore ;
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand !

O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand ;
The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

SONG 455. C. M.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

*They first their own burnt-off rings brought
To purge themselves from sin :
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.*

BLOOD, as on
s on their altar spilt ;
ay one off'ring takes away
: ever all our guilt.

r priesthood ran through sev'ral
hands,
or mortal was their race ;
never-changing office stands
eternal as thy days.

se, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
ron with the veil appear'd
Before the golden throne.

t Christ, with his own precious bl
Ascends above the skies,
d in the presence of our God
his own sacrifice.

SONG 456. 8's and 7's.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,—
Thou from hence my all shalt be !
Perish'd ev'ry fond ambition—
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heav'n are all my own !

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure ;
Come disaster, scorn and pain ;
In thy service pain is pleasure ;
With thy favor, loss is gain ;
I have call'd thee, Abba, Father ;
I have set my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather ;
All must work for good to me !

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear ;
*Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what heavenly bliss is thine ;
Think that Jesus died to save thee ;
Child of heav'n canst thou repine !*

aste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

SONG 457. 7's.

Songs of praise awake the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

Death must pass away,
The day;

Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

SONG 458. 8's, 7's, and 4's.

GUIDE me, O thou great Messiah !
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak but thou art mighty ;
Hide me with thy powerful hand,
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of deaths, and grave's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

SONG 459. C. M.

1, the spring of all my joys,
life of my delights,
glory of my brightest days,
and comfort of my nights.

. darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way

O gracious master ! heav'nly Lord !

Assist us to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

Hosanna to the Lord be giv'n

In loudest, noblest strains !

Hosanna in the highest heav'n !

The great Redeemer reigns !

SONG 461. 11's.

O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am bless'd !
My life, and my treasure, my joy, and my rest ;
Thy grace is my theme, and thy love is my song,
Thy charms do inspire my heart and my tongue.

All human expression is empty and vain ;
Tongue cannot unriddle the heavenly flame ;
And sure, if the language of angels I had,
I could not, completely, the myst'ry describe.

O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit. [feet

510 BAPTISMAL SELECTIONS.

Buried with Christ by baptism into death,—
they rise in the likeness
of his | res..ur- | rection,
To walk in newness of life,—
and | go..on their | way..re- | joicing.

For as many as have been baptized into Christ,
—have | put..on | Christ.
Therefore glorify God in your body,—
and in your | spirit,.. which | are= | God's.

Blessed are they
that | do..his com- | mandments.
Great peace have they who love thy law,—
and nothing | shall..of- | fend= | them.

Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations to observe
all things, whatsoever I have
com- | mand..ed | you.
And lo! I am with you always,—
even | unto..the | end..of the | world.

2.

JESUS cometh from Galilee to Jordan,—
unto John, to | be..bap- | tized..of | him
And Jesus, when he was baptized,—went
up | straight..way | out..of the | water.

See, here is water;—what doth
hinder | me..to | be..bap- | tized?
If thou believest
with | all..thy | heart..thou | mayest.

Can any man forbid water,
that | these..should not | be..bap- |
Which have received the
Holy | Ghost...as | well...as | we?



BAPTISMAL SELECTIONS. 511

When they believed the things
concerning the kingdom of God,—
and the | name .. of | Je .. sus | Christ,
they were
bap- | tized, .. both | men .. and | women.

3.

WILE in this sacred rite of thine,
We | yield .. our | spir .. its | now,
line o'er the waters, love divine,
And | seal .. the | cheer .. ful | vow.

glory be to Him whose life
For | ours .. was | free .. ly | given,
who leads us in the spirit's strife,
And | makes .. us | meet .. for | heaven.

may we die to earth and sin,
Be- | neath .. the | mys .. tic | flood;
and when we rise, may we begin
To | live .. a- | new .. for | God.

4.

Our Saviour bow'd beneath the wave,
and meekly | sought .. a | wa .. t'ry | grave:
and we, see the sacred path he trod—
path well | pleas .. ing | to .. our | God.

Hallelujah to the Lamb divine!
and endless | glo .. ries | round .. him | shine;
and oh o'er the heavens for ever reign,
Lamb of | God, .. for | sin .. ners | slain.

THE END.







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